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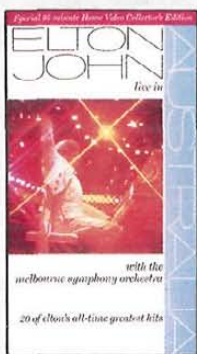


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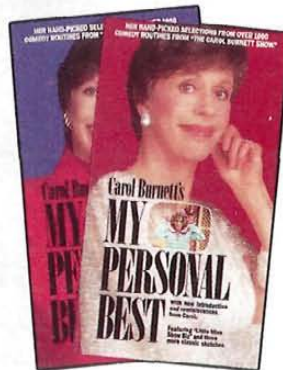
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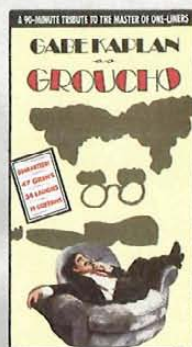
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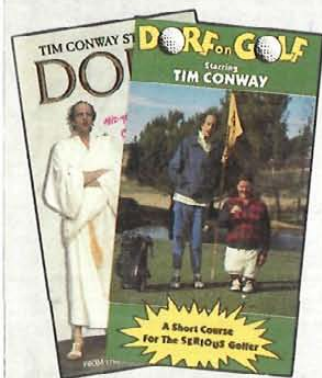


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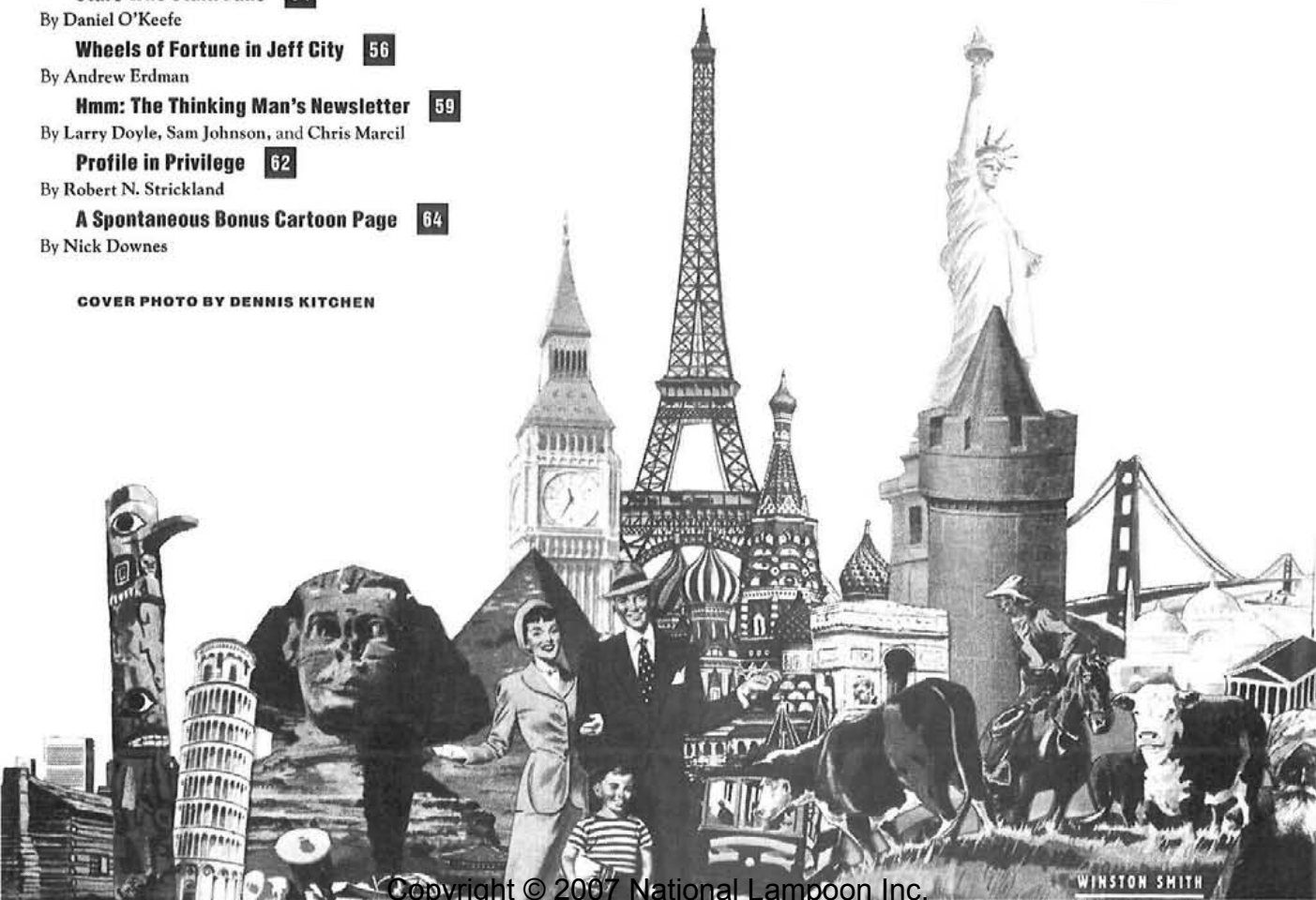
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"Holy Joe, my rip cord's busted!" Danny O'Keefe, the seventeen-year-old junior editor, fumbled desperately at his parachute as the earth rushed upward to meet us, the *National Lampoon* Editorial Action Staff: steely-eyed leader George Barkin, muscleman Chris Marcil, science whiz Larry Doyle, and me, Sam Johnson, the smooth-talking ladies' man.

There couldn't have been a worse time for a guy's chute to go gaga. It was January 27, Super Bowl time, and the Action Staff had struck a deal with NFL Properties and agreed to fly into the Bowl in a stacked parawing formation. But with Danny's chute blown and just a few seconds to react, things looked grim.

"Pull out, boys," Barkin snapped, shifting the stub of his cigar from one side of his face to the other as the windblown sparks lit up his salt-and-pepper crew cut. "It's all for one and so forth!"

"Forget about me," O'Keefe squealed. "Stick with the formation. I'll be okay. You gotta finish the jump."

"Bull!" shouted Marcil, hooking himself to Danny's *Lampoon*-gray coveralls with a steel carabiner. Giving the thumbs-up signal, we pushed out of our snowflake pattern, Marcil holding tight to young O'Keefe, and pulled our cords. And not a moment

EDITORIAL ACTION STAFF EDITORIAL

too soon—five seconds later we were bouncing off station-wagon roofs in the Tampa Stadium parking lot.

"Christ, lookie there," Doyle shouted, pushing his goggles back onto his head and pointing to the sky.

About 7,000 feet above the stadium and floating down in a perfect stacked-wing formation were five bright-blue-suited figures trailing gold smoke. There's only one magazine parawing team with that distinctive gold-and-blue color scheme: the fancy pants from *Esquire*.

"Those bastards," Danny hissed.

"Those sonofabitchin' bastards!"

"Hey!" Barkin reprimanded, "stow it!"

"Dammit!" cried Marcil, pushing a Range Rover on its side. "I checked these chutes ten times each last night. Those fucks musta snuck into the hangar after I left. We been set up! 'Scuse my French."

"I said put a lid on it!" Barkin snarled. "Look alive—the *Esquires* musta forgot who they're dealing with.

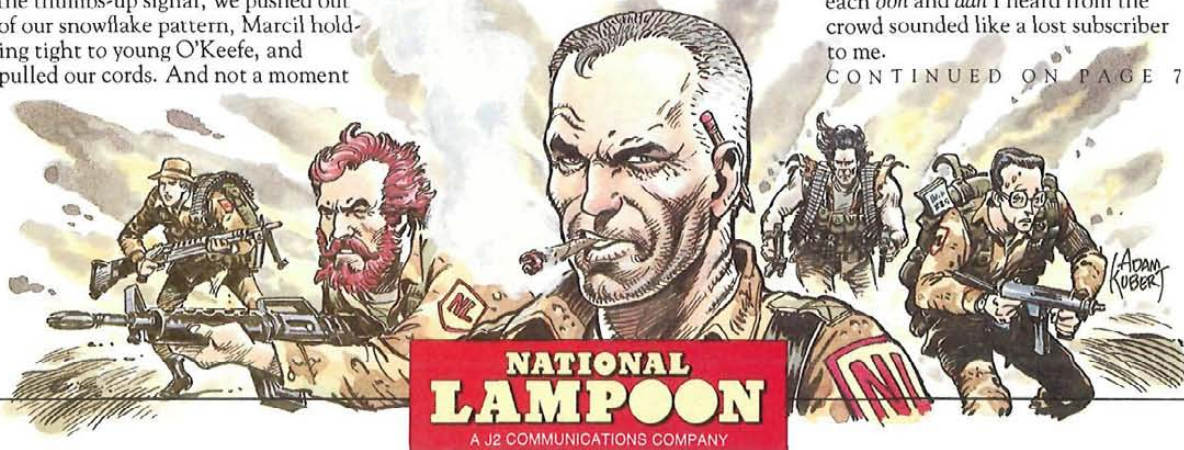
This show ain't even started yet, boys. Here's the plan. . . ." We all hunkered down on the asphalt and listened up.

A few ticks later, Marcil cracked his knuckles and smiled. "Now you're talkin', boss," he said, while O'Keefe and I looked for fallen branches and sticks and Doyle punched a quick series of logarithms into his custom-built wristputer.

After lashing the branches with long strips of our reinforced chutes and building a large funnel-shaped enclosure wrapped in foil heat-retaining space blankets from our utility belts, we temporarily "borrowed" the use of Pontiac's hefty V-8 engine to complete the contraption, while the *Esquires* floated earthbound (I thought I could just make out the hunched, gnarled physique of eighty-year-old fiction editor Rust Hills at the top of the stack, although it may have been managing editor Ellen Fair). But before I could think too hard, Doyle had started the engine, and the flashing lights and whirling rotors kicked in.

The air seemed to vibrate. "C'mon, baby," Marcil whispered, gritting his teeth and looking skyward. The *Esquire* team was only two hundred feet from the lip of the stadium, and each *ooh* and *aah* I heard from the crowd sounded like a lost subscriber to me.

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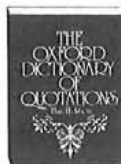
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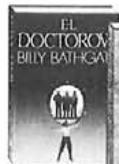
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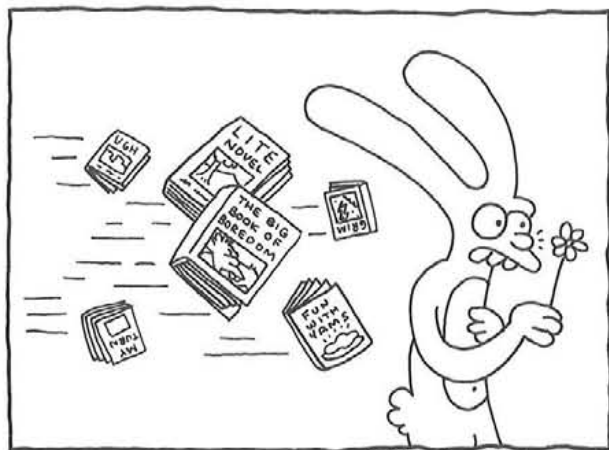
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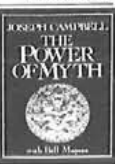
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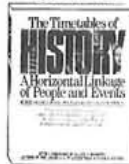
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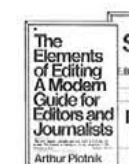
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JESSIE HARTLAND

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs and Madams:

I see from the pansy salutation you've slapped on top of my letter that another great *National Lampoon* tradition has been flushed down the toilet. First you get rid of the Foto Funnies, and now this! Obviously, in your pathetic attempt to woo women readers (and consequently the advertising that comes with them), you've abandoned the very readers who made the 'Poon what it is today—regular guys like me and my friends Ralph and Stinky!

Wake up, *National Lampoon* editors! Tits are funny—always have been, always will be. And the bigger they are, the funnier they are. If you don't realize that, well, then you can blow me. Ha ha ha ha ha. Now, that's funny!

Joe Mulcahey
Who keeps fresh copies of the March 1977 "Puberty" issue around in case of emergency

Sirs and Madams:

While I applaud your efforts to remove sexist language from the magazine, I cannot help but notice that your masthead remains the exclusive bastion of (probably white, undoubtedly heterosexual) males. Perhaps you should spend as much time experimenting with new hiring practices as you do on the purely cosmetic features of your magazine.

Mark Wukas
Hoping this letter will get that cute chick I met at a pro-choice rally to go to bed with me

Sirs and Madams:

When do I get to be the power-

crazed inhuman despot bent on compromising vital U.S. interests? I am growing impatient.

Brian Mulrone
Seething right on your border

Sirs and Madams:

I am writing to alert you to a serious and dangerous side effect of the drug chlorpromazine, which I recently began taking to relieve job-related stress. While I was alerted to the possibility of dryness of the mouth, I was taken completely by surprise by the profound relaxation and unbelievable feeling of euphoric well-being this medication induced. While under the influence of this drug, I bought my son more than four hundred dollars' worth of Nintendo software and almost reconciled with my ex-wife. Why wasn't I warned?

Charles "Chuck" Davis
Buffalo Grove, Ill.

Sirs and Madams:

What do you get when you cross a dog with a cat?

Please get back to us with an answer as soon as possible, as Puff is about to litter and we're trying to think of appropriate names.

Dick and Jane and Spot
In the new "My First Health Ed Reader"

Sirs and Madams:

How many lesbians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Eight. One to screw it in, and seven others to say how much better it was than a man.

Unenlightened Readers Who Haven't Had a Chance to Cancel Their Subscriptions Yet
St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs and Madams:

The "joke" appearing in the above letter depicts violence against women under the guise of "humor," is patently offensive, and violates the obscenity statutes of this state. Please come with us.

Women,
Not All of Us Lesbians,
Who Accidentally Picked Up
the *National Lampoon*
Thinking It Was
Feminist Erotica

Sirs and Madams:

Would you do me a favor? Could

you pass me that remote? It's right over there on the chair. No, not that one, that's for the stereo, the skinny one. Right, right, thanks. . . .

Crap. The battery's dead. Listen, could you do me another favor? Could you pass me that phone? Thanks. Do you think Radio Shack delivers?

You in About Five Years
Sitting on your fat butt

Sirs and Madams:

I've had the experience of looking absolute evil in the face and feeling its unthinkable horrors singe my soul. And, you know, it wasn't bad.

Jerry Ordinary
Cairo, Ill.

Sirs and Madams:

Never let important career decisions be made by Captain Lou Albano. That's my legacy.

Cyndi Lauper
Obscurity Flats, N. Mex.

Sirs and Madams:

Let me congratulate you on your wonderfully funny piece on terminally ill children ("Big Deal," February 1991). As soon as I had finished reading it, I realized that what I had just read was funny, because I was laughing. I thereupon reread the article only to find that it was even more amusing than I had previously believed! I gathered my family around me and we all had a good guffaw as I read the article aloud; my wife (who is no slouch herself in the humor-detection department) even pointed out a few jests I had overlooked, and I was forced to admit that, in truth, the story was a masterpiece—nay, more, a paradigm of satirical wit. Our peals and whoops of helpless laughter brought out the neighbors to see what was the matter; when we showed them the article in question they, too, were reduced to quivering heaps of mirth. The actual jokes notwithstanding, one of the more educated among my neighbors alerted me to an overarching comedic structure implicit in the article which I had overlooked, and which was of the sublimest farcicality. As our ever more unrestrained chortles, chuckles, and downright spasms of merriment floated over the plain (for it is upon the Great Plain of the American heartland that our story takes place), like the thunderbolts of some happy-go-lucky Zeus, lights

came on in the distance and streams of inquisitive pilgrims began to make their way toward my house to investigate. Among them, the preacher of our local congregation was chosen to read the enchanted words to the assembled throng, for he was possessed of an exceptionally resonant voice. Afterward all agreed that it certainly was a beautiful thing to see so many different people brought together by the power of laughter. Thank you, *National Lampoon*.

Bob Euclid
Chrysanthemum, Iowa

Sirs and Madams:

Yeah, I know she's your mom, man, but you gotta stake her! She's *undead!*
A Teenager
Horror Movie, U.S.A.

Sirs and Madams:

My uncle Fred used to do that stupid "got your nose" thing all the time. When I turned sixteen, I had my nose pierced, and he stopped doing it. Not only did he stop doing it, he stopped eating and died. The doctors said he just "gave up." What I want to know is, would this work for my uncle Billy, who pinches my butt?

Cindy
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs and Madams:

And remember—I'm not just the president of the Hair Club for Men, I'm also the president of the United States.

Sy Sperling
Losing it

Sirs and Madams:

Did you ever notice that sometimes when you do a laundry, one sock from one pair just plain disappears? Almost like there was something supernatural about it? It's not just me; a lot of people I know say it happens to them too. Maybe you guys could make a joke about that, about where all the socks go. The idea of the joke would be that it's ridiculous to think there's just one place where all the socks go; I mean, there's probably a million different places they could go. Under the dryer, behind the washer, in somebody else's little cart by mistake. You could even have dropped one on the way to the laundry, which would make the whole thing even more ironic. Anyway, that's how the joke

would work.

Li'l Phil Lester
Vegas

Sirs and Madams:

I am a reasonably attractive college sophomore with a hefty eight-inch piece of Texas tubesteak. I had heard all those stories about total strangers accosting you at college and inviting you to join in orgiastic barbecues, but I never thought it would happen to me. Until last Thursday. I was in my dorm room, studying late for an exam, when there was a knock on the door. It was my roommate. "Dude!" he said. "Get that steak you've been saving! The guys're making a killer teriyaki sauce, so hows about let's feast?" My

pulse exploded as I laid the choice rib cut on the sizzling grill. . . . I never thought it could be like this.

Name Withheld by Request

Sirs and Madams:

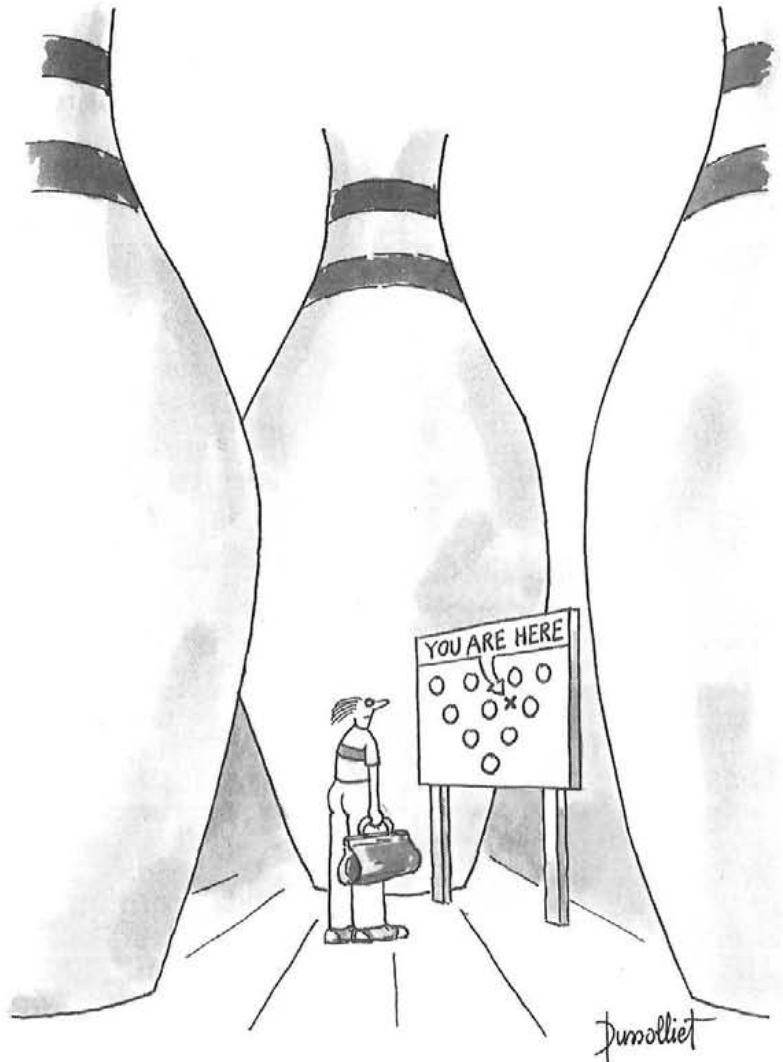
More evidence! We need more evidence. What! It's over?

Edwin Meese
*Attorney General's Commission
on Pornography
Washington, D.C.*

Sirs and Madams:

Farming. Just farming. Always farming. Simple life. Prayer. Farming. Last night, Turgenev, can-can, depressing.

Count Leo Tolstoy
Mother Russia



ARE YOU AN IDIOT?

A NATIONAL LAMPOON QUIZ

Take this simple quiz to find out if you are an idiot.

1. My name is _____.

a) Frank _____

b) Julie _____

c) Other _____

Scoring: If you answered a) and your name is Frank, give yourself one point. If you answered b) and your name is Julie or Julia, give yourself one point. If your name is not Frank or Julie and you answered c) and the name in the blank matches your name, give yourself one point.

How You Did: If your final score is any number other than 1, you are an idiot.

Recipes for Danger

Highway Salisbury Steak

6 young people, aged 15-17 years
1 Buick Century

Mix together young people. Continue mixing for several hours at a dance or young person's party. Place in Buick Century. Tell them about a party at another young person's house a couple of suburbs away.

Political Just Desserts

20 graham crackers, crushed
1 cup butter, softened

2 cups heavy cream
2 tablespoons sugar
2 oz. rum or liqueur (optional)
the president of the United States

Combine graham crackers and butter, and line the bottom of a 9-inch pie pan with the mixture. Whip the remaining ingredients, except the president, in a food processor or blender. Spoon into lined pie pan. Chill overnight. The next morning, remove pie from refrigerator and attempt to throw at the president.

INTRODUCING...

THE MOXIE ORIGINALS!

(A NATIONAL LAMPOON JOINT VENTURE WITH THE COMICS CONSORTIUM)

This month's Original:

COLLECTOR

POWERS: Remembers everything that happened to every Moxie Original; able to resolve plot contradictions through powerful leaps of faith; mutant ability to locate comics-preserving plastic bags.



PAUL CORIO

WEAKNESSES: Bad diet; tedious to be around.

REAL IDENTITY: Brad Robbys, freelance programmer.

ORIGIN STORY: Brad Robbys programmed computers for The Pact, a group of often-defeated superheroes who lived in the House of Moxie before their demise. When the Moxie Originals moved in, Brad dedicated himself to chronicling their adventures, and his vast knowledge of classic comic plot twists has become indispensable.

HIGH ADVENTURES: "With great power comes great responsibility" lecture shames The Trend (M.O. #2) • Advises Sidekick to take up weight training (M.O. #15) • Administers spring cleaning to House of Moxie—with comic results! (M.O. #22)

Quote: "That could never happen!"

READ THE NEW MOXIE ORIGINALS (ISSUE 39)—ON SALE AT YOUR LOCAL SPECIALTY SHOP TODAY!

FEUILLETON



IF I WERE AN ACTOR

I'm not an actor (not "yet," anyway). But if I were, I know what I'd do:

1) I'd do all my own stunts. A lot of actors say they do all their stunts. I would actually do them.

2) I'd research every part. Let's say the role called for me to be a highly skilled bartender. I'd make friends with a lot of bartenders, maybe even "take a turn" behind the bar. By the time I went in front of the cameras, I would "be" a

bartender, inside. If someone said, as part of the movie, "Give me a whiskey sour," I wouldn't have to think, "What would a bartender do in this situation?," I would just "act."

3) I'd only do roles that were challenging and interesting. If I had a choice between a "safe" role that I would get paid a lot for, and a challenging one that I might not get paid much for, like a retard or something, I would do the retard. Sequels? That would depend on a lot of

things, including the director and the script.

4) I would try to go back to the stage as much as possible, because this is the purest and best kind of acting. This is where I would hone my craft. I would do a lot of different kinds of plays, like Shakespeare, to name just one.

I don't know if I'll ever be an actor; I'm not sure how to "get started." But if anyone asks me to, I know I'll be ready.

Ian Maxtone-Graham

"Buenos días."

"Guten Tag."

"Bonjour."

"Konnichi-wa."



Wouldn't it be nice if you could speak to anyone?

Well, almost anyone.

"Arf."



With these proven language courses, speak to anyone you want.

As we head into the 90s, the fluent command of a second language will become an increasingly valuable social and business asset. Whether your interest lies in the dynamic Europe/1992 market, booming tourism, Pacific Rim trade, or you would just like to become a more comfortable international traveler, these proven language courses will give you the freedom to speak to anyone you want, wherever you want.

This integrated system of 30 cassettes, plus dictionary and study materials, is both highly enjoyable and remarkably effective. We have combined the recognized standard in language instruction from the U.S. State Department (15 study tapes), with the latest techniques for rapid memorization of new vocabulary known as Accelerated Learning (15 memory tapes). The study tapes are for active learning at home

or office, with text. The memory tapes are for relaxed or passive learning while commuting, walking, or exercising.

In the same way you remember the words to a song with little or no conscious effort, Accelerated Learning uses music to "unstress" the learning process. By hearing new dialogue and phrases in loud, whispered and emphatic intonations, all accompanied by rhythmic music in digital stereo, you involve both the right (artistic), and left (logical), hemispheres of the brain in the learning process.

This marriage of two learning styles literally gives you two courses in one—a best of both worlds mini-language lab that will help you create a working vocabulary of over 2,000 words, the essential building block of fluency. Plus, unlike other cassette-only language programs, you will receive a wealth of written study material to reinforce practical reading skills, another vital link to fluency.

We also offer a comfort guarantee. If after 30 days of listening to both the study tapes and the memory tapes you are not comfortably under-

standing, reading, and beginning to speak the new language, simply return the program for a no questions asked refund.

For fast service: credit card orders only—order now! Call toll-free:

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BONUS OFFER!

As an additional bonus, two 90-minute vocabulary tapes, the 100-page "How To Learn A Foreign Language" used by the Peace Corps, CIA, plus the American Express International Traveler's Dictionary in the language you choose to study.



Need it tomorrow? Ask operator for express service.

| | | | | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|--|---|--|--|
| | | | | | | | |
| SPANISH 30 cassettes + triple bonus \$245.00 | FRENCH 30 cassettes + triple bonus \$245.00 | ITALIAN 30 cassettes + triple bonus \$245.00 | GERMAN 30 cassettes + triple bonus \$245.00 | CHINESE 30 cassettes + triple bonus \$265.00 | JAPANESE 30 cassettes + triple bonus \$265.00 | RUSSIAN New! Available Jan. '91 \$265.00 | BRAZILIAN Portuguese New! Avail. Jan. '91 \$265.00 |

BECKETT AT SIXTEEN

STRAIGHT TALK TO TEENS FROM SAMUEL BECKETT



HARRY HELEOTIS

BREAKING UP. The tears of the world are a constant quality. For each one who begins to weep in homeroom another one leaves off. I was young once. She was from Connemara, with an incomparable bosom and legs like bicycle pumps. She wanted to see other people. Ah, yesterday. Do not think a Trans Am would have made a difference. When there were Trans Ams you wept to have one; now there are none. She wanted to see other people... such nice tits. Time will dry your eyes before closing them forever. You'll find someone else. Go to the mall? Yes, let's go.

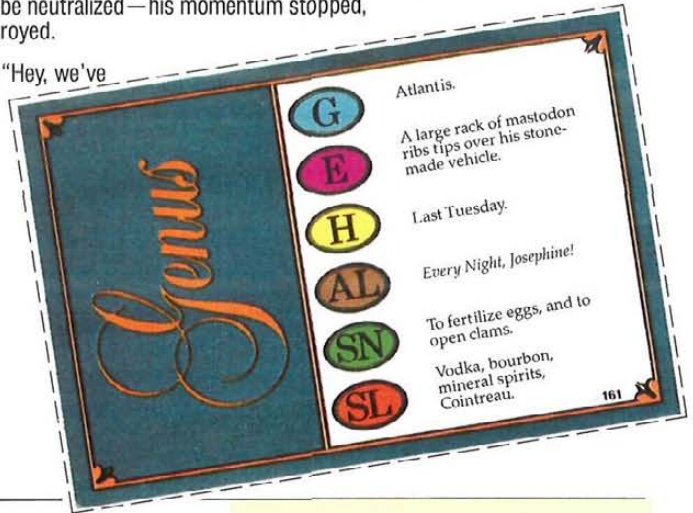
THE EQUALIZER

THIS MONTH: The Trivial Pursuit Momentum Stopper

PREPARATION: Carefully glue the provided answer key to the back of any Trivial Pursuit card. Conceal on your person.

SCENARIO: Your opponent is on a roll and appears headed toward victory when he lands on a pie square in his area of expertise. Deploy the stumper card. Your opponent will be neutralized—his momentum stopped, his confidence destroyed.

DENIABILITY: "Hey, we've got to go by the answer on the card."



What Was It Like?

Watching the Oscars on Television

At first, it was like waking up at dawn and taking a run along the beach with your dog, a beautiful golden retriever. But later, after the first commercial break, it was like something else: like being caught in a spider web while you listened to the sound of a huge mass of snow slide off a roof and kill a man. Finally, it was like eating a big cake that didn't have enough sugar in it.

Other Works by I. P. Daily

The Yellow Stream Journals

•

Life After Yellow Stream

•

Looking Back: A Career in Literature

THE TELL-TALE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

—Horace

The one thousand six hundred and seventy-three injuries of Unfortunato I had borne as best I could, but when he added insult I vowed revenge. A wound is undressed when indifference overtakes its dresser. It is equally undressed when the dresser fails to make himself felt as such

to him who needs the dressing.

He had a weak point, this Unfortunato—he prided himself on his connoisseurship in beer. It was about dusk one evening, during the height of the Halloween parade in the Village, that I encountered him. He accosted me with great warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore mufti. He had on a loose-fitting pinstriped suit, and his head was surmounted by a fedora. I was so pleased to see him that I fairly wrung his hand.

"My good friend," I said, "you indeed appear to be in the most sublime state of good health. But I have received a keg of what passes for Bud Lite and I have my doubts. Foolishly, I paid the full Bud Lite price plus the deposit on the keg without consulting you first."

"How?" said he. "Bud Lite! A keg? Impossible! And in the middle of the parade!"

"I had my doubts."

"Bud Lite!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Bud Lite!"

"I am on my way to Socreasy. If anyone knows lager, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Socreasy cannot tell Bud Lite from Miller. Come, let us go."

"Where?"

"To your abode."

"My friend, no—think of your fastidiousness. The walls of my apartment are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with mildew."

"Let us go anyway. My fastidiousness is nothing. And as for Socreasy, he



Ask the Eight Ball

I'm thinking of asking my boss for a raise right after lunch today. Do you think this would be a good time?



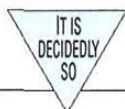
Does Congress have the votes to override Bush's veto of the 1991 Cable Television Reform Act?



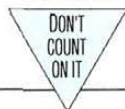
If a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound?



If a tree falls in the forest, does it make a sound?



Okay, what about asking for that raise?



cannot tell Miller from Bud Lite."

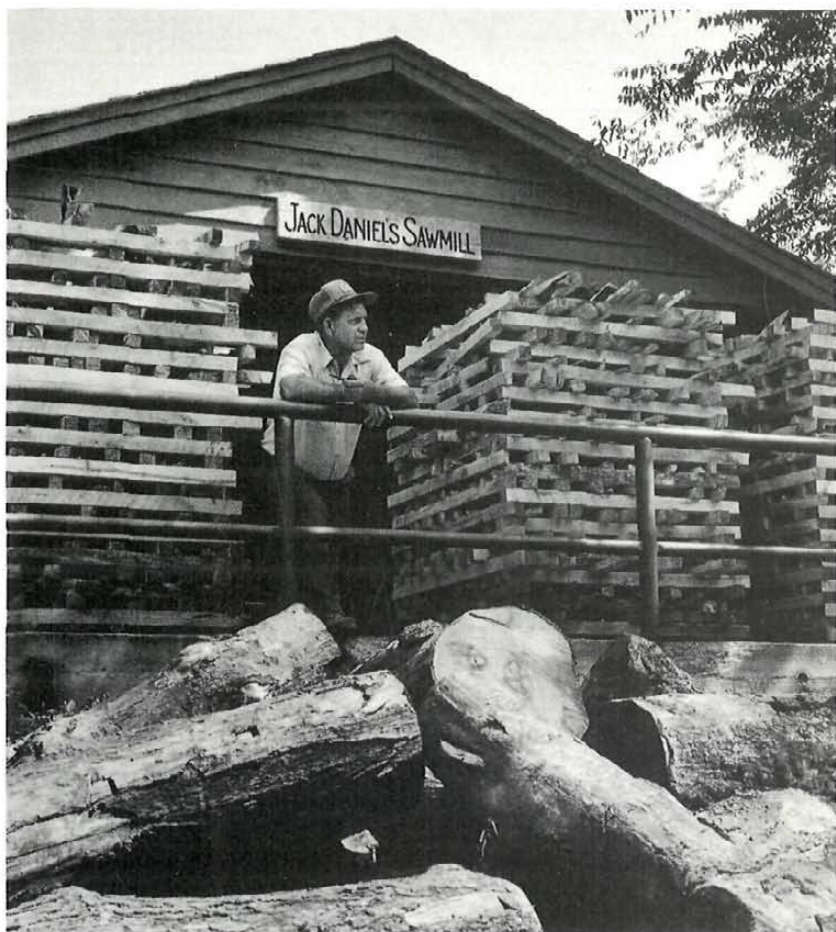
Thus speaking, Unfortunato accompanied me to my basement lodgings. Upon our arrival, I took from its mount a flashlight and led Unfortunato through the gloom of my several rooms.

"The keg?" said he.

"In the kitchen," said I. "But observe the green web-work on the walls." I shone my torch upward.

"Mildew?" he asked, the slur of intoxication on his breath.

"Mildew," I replied.



Consider this an invitation to visit our distillery sometime soon. We'd like to meet you.

VISITORS ALWAYS COMMENT on the sawmill at Jack Daniel's and wonder why on earth we need one.

The reason is that every drop of Jack Daniel's is smoothed through hard maple charcoal. (Mainly, that's how it gains its uncommon rareness). And the sawmill is where we buy, stack and burn our maple to char. Of course, other distillers don't take all this time and trouble. So no other distiller has a building so named. Nor, we believe, a whiskey so rare.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



??? PUZZLER ???

You are secured to the middle of a spinning metal disk, 12 feet in diameter and 4 inches thick. Attached to your left leg are 8 pounds of aerobic ankle weights. Your left hand is wearing a boxing glove containing a 5-lb. horseshoe. Your right hand is handcuffed to a 24-lb. cast-iron free weight. Your right ankle is shackled to a 50-lb. ball and chain. The chain is 18 inches long, and the ball is 10 inches in diameter and solid metal. The disk is spinning at 300 revolutions per second.

Q. What comes off first?

A. It's a trick question. Because you have been secured to the disk by a single deadbolt through the abdomen, the left-right weight discrepancy will cause you to tear in half along your vertical axis.

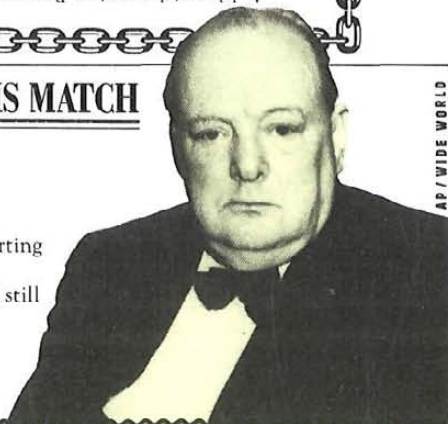
SIR WINSTON MEETS HIS MATCH

UGLY LADY: Sir, you are drunk.

CHURCHILL: Madam, you are ugly.

UGLY LADY: But tomorrow, I'll be starting a high-fiber, low-fat diet and seeing a dermatologist about my skin, and you'll still have the disease of alcoholism.

CHURCHILL: Ouch.



AP/WIDE WORLD

"How long have you had that hiccough?"

"Hic! hic! hic!—hic! hic! hic! hic!—hic! hic! hic! hic! hic! hic!—hic!"

True!—crazy, very crazy I had been and am; but why will you say that I am drunk? The madness had sharpened my senses, above all that of hearing. As the dreadful night wore on, the sound issuing from his throat aroused in me a most hideous rancor as it continued to intrude upon my ears—a low, guttural, heaving sound such as a barking seal makes when

enveloped in cotton. It grew quicker and quicker and louder and louder and quicker and quicker every instant. And still louder! And still quicker! And still louder! I thought his gastrointestinal tract would burst. And now a new vexation seized me—he would vent himself on my newly waxed floor! Unfortunato's hour had come! With a loud yell, I sprang. He hiccoughed once—once only. His gastric volubility would rub me wrong no more.

If you still think me drunk,

you will no longer think so when I describe my dis-



posal of the body. First of all, I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs and the neck and the elbows and the wrists and the fingers and the knees

and the ankles and the toes. Then I removed several stones from the wall and immured all. I replaced them so cleverly that no one could have detected that anything was amiss. Yuk-yuk!

A knock at the door brought me to attention. I opened it and apprehended some constables of the law. A disturbance had been heard, they said, and suspicions had been aroused. I smiled, for what had I to fear? I bade them search *at length*—I even brought them into the room

Longshot Fats's Historical Point Spreads

(Home Teams in CAPS)

FAVORITE

UNDERDOG

CAPONE pick 'em **Ness**
Crime doesn't pay—not this time, anyway. 10 units on The Untouchable.

Masada Invitational
Romans 13½ **ISRAELITES**
Will the home 'dogs get slaughtered? Who cares, as long as they cover, which their stiff-necked D says they will. 5 units.

Multiculturalism 7 **THE CANON**
Plucky visitors seek to make this a home-and-home, and Fats smells the odor of burning tweed. 10 units on the unwashed hordes.

Road to Salvation Semifinals
Faith 4 **Works**
Fats's NBA bets alone are proof that the power of prayer ain't what it used to be. Works for 10 units.

Custer 10 **SITTING BULL**
Sioux look tough, but something—maybe 5 units—says that Custer is due.

LAST MONTH: French and Indian War tomahawks the bankroll to minus 759 units.

Laugh Track

| This Week's Top Five Jokes | | Last Month | Weeks in Circ. |
|----------------------------|--|------------|----------------|
| 1 | The One About the Dog Who Never Had Ten Bucks Before | 2 | 18 |
| 2 | The One Where Roseanne's Doctor Has Her Crawl Around His Office Naked, but It Turns Out He Just Wants to See Where His New Couch Might Look Best | 7 | 11 |
| 3 | The One About Quayle That Leno Did Last Monday | * | 1 |
| 4 | The One Where Saddam Hussein Executes the New General for Choosing the Prettiest Camel, but Which Now Seems Oddly Dated | 1 | 5 |
| 5 | "Johnny Me-No-Wanna" | 34 | |

Joke placement is determined by a random survey by *National Lampoon* editors of their friends and colleagues using company WATS lines and fax machines. ☞ indicates a joke that is new—at least to us. ☎ indicates a "classic" joke, which has to be repeated more than one million times over long-distance lines. ♪ indicates a perennial schoolyard favorite.

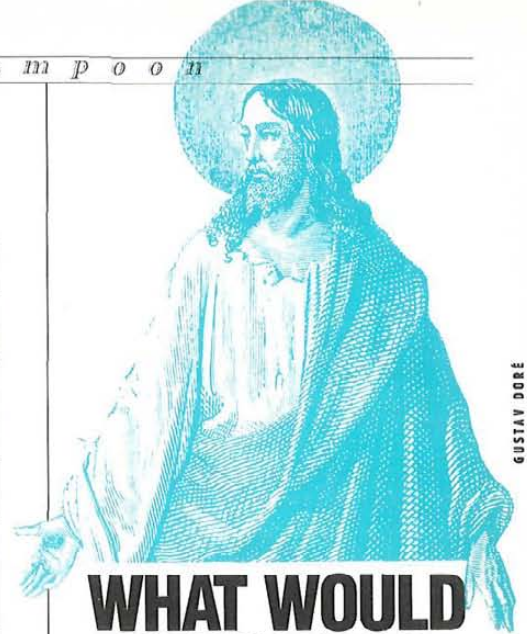
Five Years Ago This Week

1 "Need Another Seven Astronauts." ☎☎☎

Fifty Years Ago This Week

1 Whistle While You Work, Hitler Is a Jerk, Mussolini Bit His Weenie, Now It Doesn't Squirt. ♪

"Frontage" Contributors: Richard Lavenstein, Ian Maxtone-Graham, The Editors



WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

You buy stock in a shipping firm that you feel has long-term growth potential. Shipping rates, however, remain flat, and the company is not realizing the profits you had hoped. Your portfolio manager, an orphan who came to America forty years ago with fifty cents in her pocket, advises you to sell the stock and give the money to a charitable organization for crippled and burned kids. At the stockholders' meeting, however, the chairman urges optimism and announces a far-reaching scholarship program for minority students to study environmental science. "All we need at this point," says the chairman (a specialist in turning around troubled companies, as well as a father of twelve who lost an arm in Vietnam), "is a little faith." Upon returning to your office, you find that the index of leading shipping indicators is decidedly mixed.

where I had done the deed. In my confidence, I dared lean against the very wall which contained Unfortunato.

The officers were satisfied, and they conversed amiably. But ere long, I grew tired, and wished them gone. My head ached, and I perceived a ringing in my ears that grew in intensity. It was a low, guttural, heaving sound—such a sound as a barking seal makes when enveloped in cotton. I talked with heightened emotion, yet the sound increased.

I ranted—I raved—I gesticulated—I bellowed—I roared—and still the sound grew louder. The officers continued to chat and smile. Oh God, they knew! And they were making sport of my agony! I could not bear it any longer! I had to scream or die! Louder it sounded! Louder! Louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked. "Dissemble no more! I confess! Tear down the cinder blocks! Here, here!—it is the spasmodic inhalation with closure of his hideous grotto!"

Thomas Vinciguerra

ON FAVORITE TIMES OF DAY

Sophocles, Johnny Bench, and Vasco da Gama enjoyed the dying spasms of the afternoon, just as the solar disk touches the horizon.

Abbott and Costello were morning people, as were Betty Crocker, Joseph Stalin, Giotto, and Maimonides.

William Blake was fondest of noon, as were Marilyn Monroe, Alfred Adler, Lou Gehrig, Artie Shaw, Lucrezia

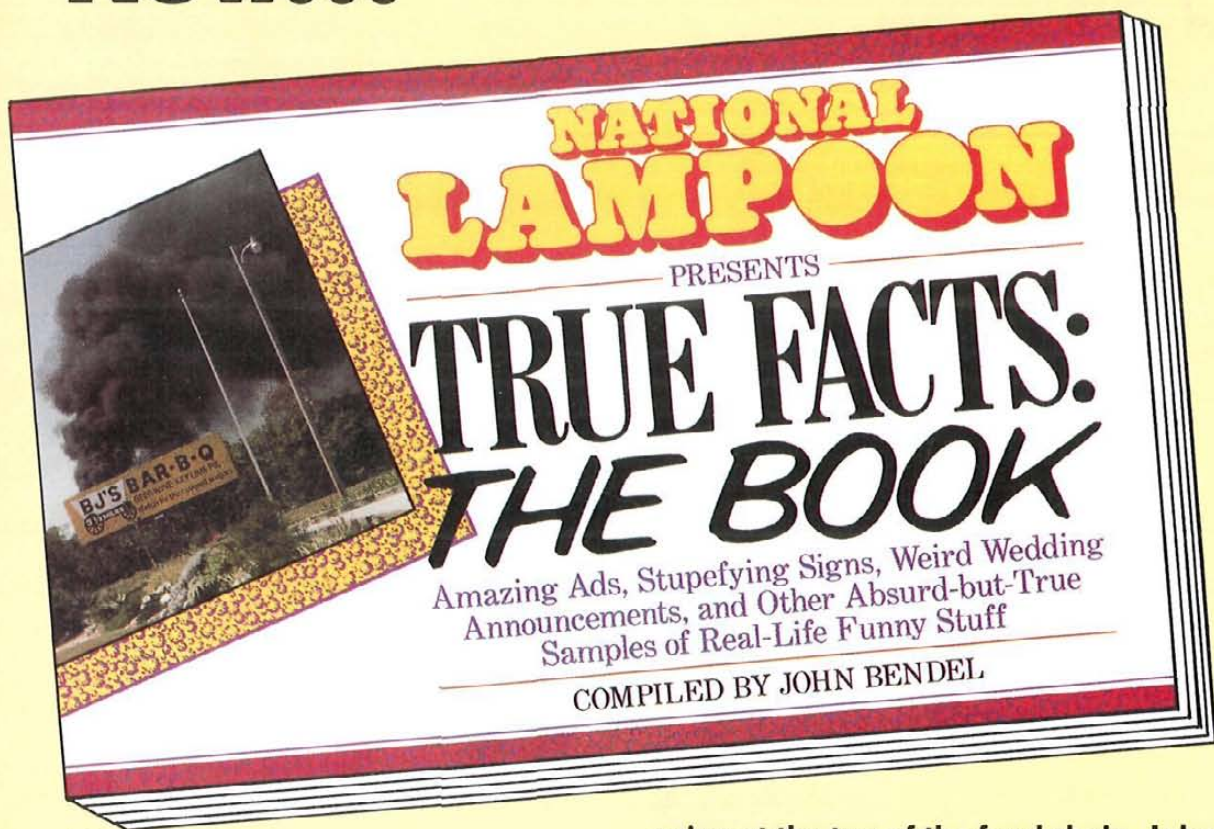
Borgia, and the Wild Boy of Aveyron.

Harun-al-Rashid peaked late in the afternoon. So did Zenobia of Palmyra, Carl Maria von Weber, Simón Bolívar, Betty Grable, and Michael Faraday.

James Dean chose the night, as did Goethe, Lily Pons, Pancho Villa, Cato the Younger, Catherine of Aragon, and Bruce Lee.

Some, like Ernest Hemingway, enjoyed all times of day. Others, like Kant, preferred none. Still others, like Florence Nightingale, pretended to enjoy one time of day

You howled at the column...
You roared at the specials...
You cracked up with the calendar...
Now...



Once again, *National Lampoon* has spanned the world to bring you more hysterical evidence of the devolution of our species. Stupid signs, weird wedding announcements, crazy ads, and real-life stories that demonstrate conclusively what a precarious position we humans

enjoy at the top of the food chain. John Bendel, who's been doing this a lot longer than he cares to admit, has packed 192 pages with the funniest True Facts items yet. They're all here, they're all hilarious, and, what's scariest, they're all TRUE! It's **TRUE FACTS: THE BOOK**. You'll never look at the world the same way again.

You've convinced me! Send me _____ copy(ies) of TRUE FACTS: THE BOOK. I've enclosed \$7.95 per copy plus \$2.00 shipping and handling per copy. (New York State residents please add 8¼ percent sales tax.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10013

Name (please print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Check enclosed Charge to my:
MasterCard/Visa # _____
Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

A NATIONAL LAMPOON AFFIRMATIVE ACTION COMIC, by Kyle Baker, who is black.

CELEBRITY HEAD ON THE BODY OF AN ANIMAL

MOE and JOE'S HIP-HOP FUNNIES!



Kyle Baker's illustrations have graced the pages of various magazines and numerous comic books. He is black.



while secretly preferring another.

Eric Yost

THE MARGINALIA WAR

The marginalia in Shaeffer's library book were too much for him to bear. While reading peacefully he had come across the comment **religious metaphor** scrawled largely and with juvenile carefulness in red ink next to a passage that, Shaeffer knew, had no religious import at all.

In the past he would have simply moved on,

bypassed the note as he would have a dead possum in the road, but this time, inexplicably, he stopped, cast his eyes to the heavens for some direction, and then, as if suddenly inspired, wrote **No!** next to the red ink with such narrowly channeled anger that he snapped the lead of his pencil and tore the page. One can only imagine his fury when two chapters later the large red ink appeared again, stubbornly announcing, **Christ symbol.**

In fact, Shaeffer dabbed

at his moist and heavy lips with a soiled handkerchief and fluttered his eyelids as if he were about to lose consciousness.

The next weekend Shaeffer was back in the library, perusing a different novel. He sat straight up in his chair when he came to a scene in which the protagonist, aboard a Ferris wheel, is laughing hysterically, for next to that paragraph someone had written **the inevitability of madness.**

Shaeffer cursed and threw the book against the

wall with such force that its crack startled even him, and then he retrieved it and in the margin carefully printed **I WILL KILL YOU.**

That afternoon he busied himself moving along the shelves and checking the pages of each book he pulled. If someone had written **scapegoat**, Schaeffer would write **You wouldn't know a scapegoat if it bit you in the ass.** If he came across **existential awareness**, he would respond with a curt **Drop dead.**

Shaeffer continued this

HUMOR You Can Use

First dates can be an uncomfortable experience for all involved, but here are a few fun mindfucks you can deploy to keep it interesting.

Spit into a handkerchief every fifteen minutes or so.

If your date relates a particularly uninspiring anecdote, say, "That reminds me of a story," and proceed to relate the *exact same anecdote*, only substituting yourself for your date in the story.

Order everything on the menu, and then send it all back.

Driving home, nervously glance in the rearview mirror and say, "Damn, it's Mom. Hold on tight while I try to lose her."

At the end of your date, tell him you had a perfectly wonderful evening, while pressing a dollar bill into his hand.

Next Month: Development-Warping Pranks You Can Play on Your Kids

task for the rest of the day, and when the closing call sounded, he emerged from the library, bleary-eyed, his hands and cheek ink-smudged, but his heart beating fiercely.

It probably didn't occur to Shaeffer that whoever wrote the initial comments would never see his responses, that the culprit would continue blissfully on into fresh books and virgin margins, unchecked by the stinging rebukes that came in his or her wake. Shaeffer probably didn't realize that his messages

were in fact delivered to a third person who would happen onto the books, and into the fray, quite innocently.

Such a person was Tod Hammer. He discovered what he thought was an astute observation in a book's marginal note—*moral bankruptcy*—and was in the process of nodding his volleyball-like head when he saw that in the same margin someone else had responded not in agreement but in denial, perverse and hate-filled denial, printing **WRONG!**

TALKIN' TOUGH

Starting a week from Tuesday, anyone who fucks me up the ass is dead meat.

Listen, pal, touch my girlfriend one more time and we're leaving.

Say what you want about my mother—but leave her snatch out of this!

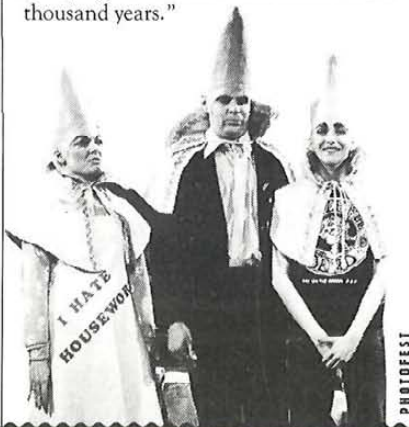
This Month in Saturday Night Live

April 3, 1976 Show is not as good as it was in the old days.

April 5, 1978 Great Coneheads sketch, the one where they're on *Family Feud*.

April 13, 1984 Trivia buffs swoon as Don Pardo switches the introductions of Robin Duke and Mary Gross.

April 28, 1990 Lorne Michaels is quoted as saying SNL could be in reruns "for a thousand years."



Where Are They Now?

Francis Ford Coppola

Francis Ford Coppola's film *The Godfather* won an Academy Award for best motion picture of 1972, and his leading actor, Marlon Brando, also won for best actor. For a time, this newly proclaimed creative genius was riding high with dozens of offers to write, direct, and produce major motion pictures, including *The Great Gatsby* and *American Graffiti*. Where is he now?



AP/WIDE WORLD

Francis Ford Coppola is now a famous and important film director whose recent movie, *The Godfather Part III*, was released in December of 1990.

Senator Edward "Ted" Kennedy

In 1969, headlines screamed the news of Kennedy's Chappaquiddick scandal. Kennedy, the younger brother of famous American politicians Robert and John Kennedy, had driven a car off a bridge and into a tidal pool on Martha's Vineyard. His passenger, twenty-eight-year-old secretary Mary Jo Kopechne, was drowned, and Kennedy neglected to report the accident for several hours. The incident scandalized the nation and, though he was cleared of any wrongdoing, Kennedy became a whipping boy for conservatives and liberals alike. What ever happened to Senator Ted Kennedy?



AP/WIDE WORLD

Senator Kennedy is now one of two United States senators from Massachusetts. He is famous and well-respected in his field. He has frequent speaking engagements and is often quoted in national media outlets.

the book and fled the stacks.

Shaeffer, who had been ranging the aisles noiselessly, came upon the open book and spied the exchange within its margins. "Fat boy, indeed!" he said to himself. And what he wrote in retaliation is not known, but suffice it to say that when Tod returned to the table and resumed his reading, he was so startled and frightened that he fell to the floor in a dead faint. The marginalia war heated up as the season progressed. Shaeffer con-

and following that by damning the writer's soul to hell in the blackest of terms. "Good Lord!" Tod said to himself. And then he took out his pen and wrote **Shut up, fat boy!** even though he could not have possibly known that he who penned the curse, Shaeffer, was in fact on the plump side. Tod just assumed that anyone who would damn another's soul to hell had to be fat and repulsive—if not physically, then spiritually. But eventually Tod was so disquieted by his own dark thoughts that he put down

THIRTY-SECOND LIFESTYLE

I was standing on a road in the desert. Heat waves shimmered off the road. A hot car with a hot babe came and picked me up. Snow fell. A pop hit from two months ago blasted from the speakers of the excellent hot car. "I've been looking for a guy like you," the babe said. It was just another day. . . in jeans.

NEW TEEN SLANG**What Our Adolescents Are Saying**

face-snake *n.* — An eyeball that has been knocked, or gouged, out of its socket.

tail-gunner *n.* — A guy who shoots himself in the buttocks.

Pretty Patty *n.* — An attractive teenage girl named Patricia.

chewing bullets *v. phrase* — Being shot in the face, in or near the mouth.

blowing the football team *v. phrase* — Performing fellatio on every member of the football team, alternatively known as *blowing the basketball team*.

THE IRRITABLE HABERDASHER:**Questions and Answers on Grooming for the Modern Man**

Question: What constitutes a well-made suit? How do I know when I am buying a good suit?

Answer: This is one of the most frequently asked questions, and considering how often it has been answered, I'm getting just a little fed up with having to answer it still one more time. This time, if you miss the response it will just be too bad for you, because I'll be damned if I'm going to run through this routine again within the decade. Okay, then, one sure sign of a fine suit is price. The better the suit, the more it costs.

**Corrections and Clarifications**

In last month's special *NatLamp* cooking supplement, guest chef Abu Nidal referred to Semtex as "a tangy, chewy treat." Semtex is not a tangy, chewy treat. It is a dangerous Czechoslovakian plastic explosive. Furthermore, due to an editing error, the amounts given in the recipe were incorrectly converted from the metric, which in some cases could lead to an unstable compound. The *National Lampoon* regrets any injuries or fatalities this may have caused.

Also, in the same article, Mr. Nidal instructed readers on the proper way to mix a Molotov cocktail. The bottle used in the photograph accompanying the recipe was for illustrative purposes only, and was not intended to imply anything about the political leanings of the soft-drink manufacturer in question. Also, the ignited cocktail should only be held for three seconds before throwing, and not thirty as was stated. This was apparently Mr. Nidal's idea of a joke. The *National Lampoon* does not condone such hurtful humor.

tinued to check the same texts regularly, sometimes responding two or three times in the same margin, layering his maledictions. In *A Sentimental Education* he had originally followed the claim **Moral context of truth ignored** with the biting **You're a twit!** Below that someone had responded, **Takes one to know one.** When Shaeffer saw that remark he knit his brow and wrote **Eat me!** with such ferocity that the letters' indentations could be read clearly on each of the following thirty pages.

Upon checking the same book three days later he discovered that someone had written **Only pussies write in books**, and so Shaeffer promptly rolled onto his stomach and with a fat black Magic Marker wrote across the entire page **FUCK YOU!**, and then he spat into the book and slammed it shut with a bang.

Oh, occasionally Shaeffer would discover a sane voice of agreement, a hearty **I concur** or **Ditto!**, but these were too few to sustain his flagging spirits;

he decided, therefore, to burn down the library.

The day Shaeffer carried his matches into the stacks he saw Tod Hammer at work over a copy of *Tropic of Cancer*.

"Here now!" Shaeffer bellowed, and Tod, white-faced and wild-eyed, scrambled to his feet and fled awkwardly. Shaeffer walked to the overturned book and delicately began to inspect its pages. On them were ink-wet comments such as **sexual celebration of self-espousing**

loss of self and **Lawrentian energy minus mysticism.**

"That fraud!" Shaeffer cried, and then he tried to set fire to the book, but a snaggle-toothed custodian appeared from nowhere and wrestled him to the ground. Shaeffer, cheeks ballooned and eyes rolling, fought with gusto, but after a moment he wearied and gave in to his attacker, relinquishing his still-smoking match. Shaeffer's war lay in the margins, after all, not in damp aisles trod by ruffians.

Mark Walters



IN THE NIGHT

SHOW TRIAL



JUDGMENT

THIS MONTH'S DEFENDANTS: Bearers of False Furs

THIS MONTH'S CHARGES: Materialism, narcissism, barbarism, speciesism; aggravated accessory to the slaughter of the sentient; self-serving, hypocritical pseudo-enlightenment; depraved indifference to shifting public sympathies.



ILLUSTRATED BY JONATHON ROSEN

**F L O R
P L A N**

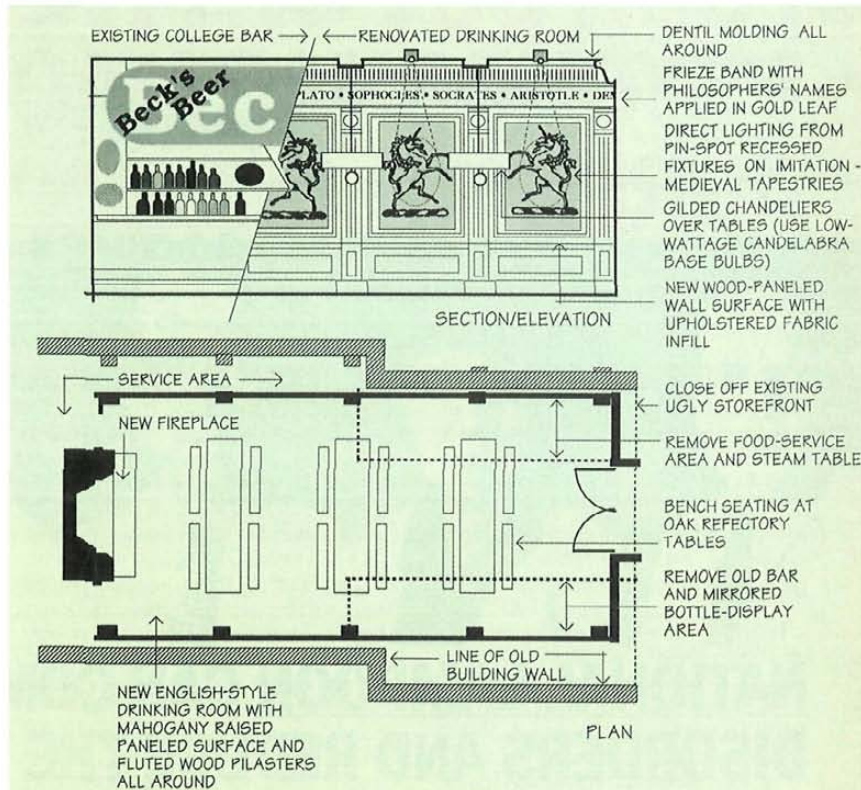
by Richard Lavenstein

PROBLEMS

Our universities have created a population of yahoos, louts who no longer know the meaning of civilization. Among the influences that have brought us to this sad condition, the most pernicious must certainly be the local college bar.

It is time we proposed a renovation in fact and spirit of these hellish watering holes. The problems to be attacked should include the following:

1. Excessively long, oversized bar usually placed in or near entry area constricts circulation, causing a human maelstrom—a knot of shouting, agitated, overstressed patrons. Because of difficulties getting beyond this point, many students abandon free will to fate. In despair over reestablishing self-control, they descend to the quick procurement and rapid consumption of liquor. It is from this point on that moderation is discarded.
2. Garish display of questionable decoration, an often poorly conceived collection of beer signs and pinup girls. Individually the items rarely possess artistic merit. As a grouping they encourage the worst sort of wall-arrangement jumble. It is from these early and influential design stimuli that students become the sort of adults who hang animal paintings above sofas.
3. Often inadequate ventilation is aggravated by the combination of related vacation activities many of the students have engaged in before arriving at the saloon. Sunbathing in the summer months (along with its resultant dehydration), combined with irregular hours and strenuous behavior, is a bomb waiting to be ignited by drink. Add to this the lack of sufficient oxygenation and one may face dizziness, nausea, even unconsciousness.
4. Little attention given to interior surfaces, which are most often non-resilient and have little sound-absorptive quality. Background music,



PROPOSAL FOR A COLLEGE BAR RENOVATION

oftentimes raucous and played at high volume, is thus frequently distorted and rendered unlistenable to those who might otherwise be responsive to its melodic or emotional power.

In sum, given these influences, how can we expect our students to develop into responsive social beings?

SOLUTIONS

First, get rid of the bar. This will free up much-needed space for the more civilized arrangement of oak refectory tables and benches—the time-honored mode of collegiate sociability. An added dividend of the bar's disposal is the dismantling of the bar's back wall with its gaudy mirror-backed display of endless liquor bottles. With its misguided suggestion of freedom of choice where little truly exists, the narcissism of the mirrored wall can be replaced with elegant noise-baffling fabric panels. These might be nostalgia-stirring university banners or reproduction tapestries depicting mythological themes.

Lighting, kept low and discreet with pin spots aimed at important focal points around the room (busts of Bach, Handel, etc.?), plus one or two large decorative chandeliers, lamped with low-wattage bulbs, will lend an air of dignity and venerable decorum.

Large storefront windows with non-

descript views of dreary, dirty streets are decorative features that characterize many local college bars. This witless nod to regional circumstances provides a poor environment for students at play. What is wanted is an inward-looking vista. Thus, wood paneling, in either walnut or mahogany, sets a deeply satisfying mood of calm where students may be both convivial and reflective. Indeed, it is not too much to imagine the inclusion of an encircling frieze of names in this renovated barroom: Plato, Aristotle, Dante—no doubt everyone has his favorite for inclusion on a list of Western civilization's worthies.

Today's students need to be educated both socially and academically. The environment where a development of appetites and desires occurs will forever mark those impulses with value and memory. In other words, do we want today's young people, when they are older, to look back at their formative years as a time of wet T-shirt contests, drinks mixed directly in the mouth, and dwarf tossing, or as a period when the leisure time of university life was represented by gentle laughter, reasoned conversation, and noble camaraderie? The local college bars, to this extent, will influence the shape of tomorrow's society.

Next month in this column: Turning a tent into a chateau: the miracle of canvas.

FOUR OUT OF FIVE PSYCHOPHARMACOLOGISTS AGREE



HARRY HELEOTIS

NATIONAL LAMPOON CAN COMBAT AFFECTIVE DISORDERS AND REDUCE THE TRAUMA OF EVERYDAY LIFE WHEN READ REGULARLY.*

In a recent extensive survey of nationally known psychopharmacologists, four out of five of these healing professionals recommended reading *National Lampoon* magazine as a palliative for the stresses of modern-day life. Only *National Lampoon* was shown to be an effective depression-reducing device that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of mental hygiene and regular professional care. Now for a limited time only, you can

receive the *National Lampoon* monthly without a prescription or a triplicate form or even a costly visit to one of these healing professionals. Just fill in the coupon below and the manufacturer will directly send you your monthly dose of the finest humor, satire, and lampoonery available in the Western world. You must be over twelve years of age and no longer taking children's doses of aspirin to be eligible for this offer.

*Respondents were part of a double-blind survey with a universe of ten. Respondents were given the choice of three treatment modalities for depressive episodes: 1) patients could read an issue of the *National Lampoon*, 2) patients could view driver's-education films of fatal and near-fatal automobile accidents, or 3) patients could sit in darkened rooms devoid of sensory input and listen to early Leonard Cohen albums. Eight psychopharmacologists chose option one, the other two left the experimental environment without handing in their surveys.

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The Chappaqua Catholic Youth Center is a remarkably ugly building. It looks dreary and institutional, but also shabby and run-down. This tribute to the architectural taste of immigrants stands on a hill behind the Chappaqua "Little Store" Delicatessen. To be more accurate, it kind of squats. Actually, the best description of the building would be that it lies there like a huge pile of shit. Soon after the annual Catholic Youth Center's Christmas Mixer and Inspirational Talk, the parochial school was dissolved and Sunday-school classes were moved to a local elementary school. Not long after that, the pope was shot.

I'd only been to the Youth Center once before. For some reason, some Catholic friends had taken me to a "get-together" at the Center. I only went because they told me there would be refreshments. There were no refreshments. All the "get-together" was a small awards ceremony for local Catholic kids who did community service with retarded children. There were about fifteen mostly Mongoloid children between six and ten years old who came up and pinned medals made of colored construction paper on the young social workers, and then hugged them. After that everyone left, except for the retarded kids and people who had to schedule confession with the priest. As I was leaving, one of the Mongoloids grabbed me and gave me a hug, too. I said, "Thank you, but I don't do community service." Then he said something, but I didn't understand what it was.

I only went to the Catholic Youth Center once after that, but I went to the deli all the time. The guy who owned the deli was big and fat and yelled a lot, and he had a son in my year at school who was also big and fat and yelled a lot. The deli owner liked to hire local kids for lower than minimum wage and then fire them for stealing, although there was nothing in the store to steal except Twinkies. So, one December the priest and the deli owner had a fight, apparently because the deli owner's fat son wore a heavy-metal shirt to Mass and the priest wouldn't give him Communion. The son said his dad would have killed the priest, like they did in the old country, except he was a God-fearing Catholic. The son said he and his dad were going to beat up anyone who was stupid enough to go to the Christmas Mixer and Inspirational Talk.

I had to go to the mixer. My girlfriend Sylvia's father, who was crazy, told her that she couldn't go out with



FRED WINKOWSKI

DON'T GO THERE

The Chappaqua Catholic Youth Center

by Daniel O'Keefe

me unless I was a practicing Catholic. He told me, "The Jews killed Christ. If they hadn't, he would still be alive today." I wasn't really Catholic, since my mother had been Quaker and my father Catholic, but both had quit their churches when they realized that "man does not require the existence of God to behave morally," according to my dad. I told my girlfriend's father that I went to Mass in another town, but I certainly would take his daughter to the Mixer and Inspirational Talk. He nodded and said he thought that was good: young people spending time together in a supervised, Christian environment.

The mixer was held in a room of the Center that looked like a cafeteria. It cost two dollars to get in, but once you were in you could have all the cans of warm Dr Pepper you wanted. It was very strange; all they had was Dr Pepper. The money was supposed to go for Christmas presents for the needy of Westchester County, but everyone said the priest was going to keep the money and buy a car with it, even though he already had a car.

The priest talked about Changing Feelings, Growing Up, and Getting

Along with the Opposite Sex. All the tables had pink and blue balloons tied to them, and one bag of potato chips. Except that most of the chips in our bag were a little green on one side, and Sylvia said green chips made her sick. I said green chips were just as good as normal ones, and she said I was trying to ruin her evening. I didn't know what to say, so I started playing with the pink balloon, but she said to stop or everyone would think I was gay. I was really mad, so I went to the bathroom to get away from her for a little while. I had to go anyway. While I was washing my hands, I noticed some people smoking dope in one of the stalls and it made me nervous, so I accidentally spilled water all down the front of my pants. When I came out, this girl I didn't know told me Sylvia had gone home, and that she said to say she didn't ever want to speak to me again. Then she looked at me and said, "Did you pee in your pants?"

I started to walk home, but then I remembered the deli people were waiting to beat me up. I couldn't walk past the deli, but I also couldn't go back inside, because by now everyone knew about Sylvia walking out on me, and it would have been too embarrassing. So I just sat outside in the cold and thought about how ugly the building was. It was really odd.

Finally, I got sick of sitting in the cold and started to walk home. The deli people never showed up; I guess it was too cold for them. Later that year, the deli owner's son drove his car into a ravine and died, and his father sold the deli and moved away.

Although the deli is flourishing under new management, I'm pretty sure the Youth Center is closed these days. So you can't go there, really. But don't go there anyway. ■



Stay away from this place.

DANIEL O'KEEFE

BONER OF THE MONTH

THE many eyes of the Potato opened wide when the first reports of the Department of Energy scandal broke. It's not every day that brings word of a homosexual brothel on an entire floor of a Cabinet agency. And, in the first days of the story, the media gave us high-level-sex-scandal freaks all we could ask for: first, CBS reported the whole setup had been paid for with taxpayer dollars, right down to the last gel-bed; then the *Washington Post* decoded the client list and deduced that all the patrons were big Republican contributors; finally, Sam Donaldson got the brothel's manager, nineteen-year-old Clay Franklin, to admit that he had started his career in Republican "politics" earning fifty dollars an hour warming up Bill Bennett's car on frosty winter mornings.

And then the story just seemed to die—or, more precisely, the administration killed it. Everyone involved in the scandal—from Bush on down to the thirteen- and fourteen-year-old boy-toys who serviced the fat cats—went into a well-disciplined denial mode, mechanically repeating, "We must let due process take its course." Meanwhile, the beauty of the scam—only businessmen were buying sex, not politicians—made it difficult for the press to find a really juicy smoking gun (as it were), especially since Clay Franklin, now appearing badly bruised, was being fed to the wolves, insisting in a press conference that he had done everything—including hanging the red velvet wallpaper—without anyone knowing about it. The media wimped out big here, accepting Franklin's excuse that the bruises came when he "slipped."

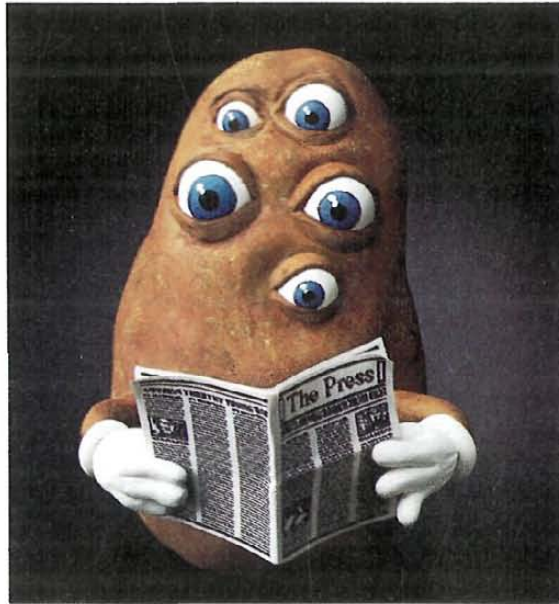
Having given the press its victim, the administration's work was nearly done. They put out the last fire—the disclosure that the Republican National Committee had promoted the brothel with a fund-raising letter that began "Satisfy your desire for young boys and help build a strong America!"—with a diversion that pushed the story to the inside pages: an obviously ridiculous (but "controversial"!) plan to drop toxic waste by air on Chicago. That was it for the story. In the Potato's eyes, it's hard to tell whether the media or the pederasts are more disgraceful.

IF I WERE A NEWSMAN

Two months ago, NBC announced a

THE POTATO

A CANDID REVIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE PRESS



major belt-tightening plan that meant dismissing all foreign correspondents and shutting down every overseas bureau. Things were fine for a time, and NBC even budgeted forty million dollars for several gloating full-page ads in newspapers across the country, reading in part: "You dumb network fucks, paying all that bread so you can have your little once-a-month news spot from Milan or some other piece-of-shit hell-hole . . . check it out: we're superior because we stay only in America, covering stories only about America. . . ."

Inevitably, NBC reaped the whirlwind when a rampaging horde of Uzbeks swept across Europe and sacked Paris last Thursday, raping and pillaging along the way. "So what," said rookie NBC news executive Brad Ross, hoping to downplay the gaffe.

Indeed, while ABC had an interview with neo-Cossack leader Dmitri Bratislau, and CBS had exclusive videotapes

shot from Paris during the sack, NBC had to think fast just to come up with a piece of twenty-year-old file footage showing the big Russian dance number in *Fiddler on the Roof* during its original Broadway run. "Oh yeah," said Ross, defending the network, "it's the real stuff—Zero Mostel, not Topol. Powerful, powerful piece."

Last week, however, it seemed NBC had had enough of its "all-American agenda" and reopened its worldwide bureaus. But the damage has already been done; media analysts figure it will take at least six months for NBC to make up for lost time.

POTATO CHIPS

Is it true that the *New York Times* is neutering reporters who quit under the guise of "exit interviews"? We don't expect the paper to cover itself accurately, of course, but this rumor comes to the Potato from several sources, and you'd think one of its Gotham archrivals would hop on it. . . . CNN should scrap its idea of adding soundtracks to news footage, tho' the Tangerine Dream-style ambient synth *does* go well with war scenes, I have to admit. . . . Did anyone notice Joe Garagiola's hand creep up Deborah Norville's thigh last week? Maybe crotch-grabbing is just a mark of respect among ex-ballplayers, so then she is fitting in with the gang—or is it the other way around? . . . Word had it that John Sununu had ordered the assassination of Treasury secretary Nicholas

Brady, but you'd never know it from Diane Sawyer's interview, which focused exclusively on the fat New Englander's favorite colors. . . . Everyone agrees that Robert Dole should really stop making those "blowjob" gestures when Democrats are speaking—but editors have pundits cowed about writing the "BJ" word. . . . Too much attention given to the Brokaw sex tapes—they *are* married, after all. Although we've never seen Tom so animated in front of the camera before. . . . *Omaha World-Herald* the only paper to mention CIA plot to "practice" germ warfare on Jews—and even then only because a local man was the chief plotter. . . . It made the Potato wake up for once while watching *60 Minutes*, but I bet no one takes up Andy Rooney's tap-sucking challenge. Even the Potato, who gets thirsty patrolling the press, knows better than that. . . . ■

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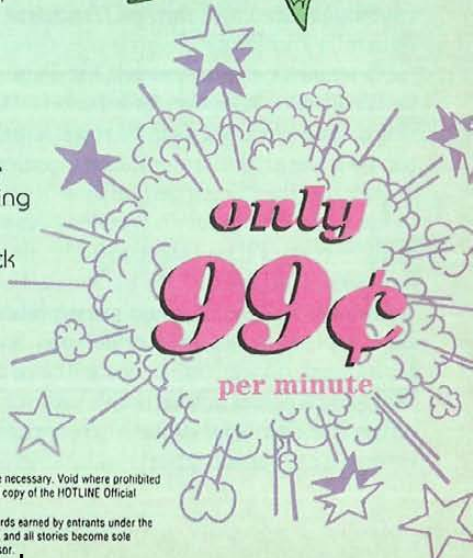
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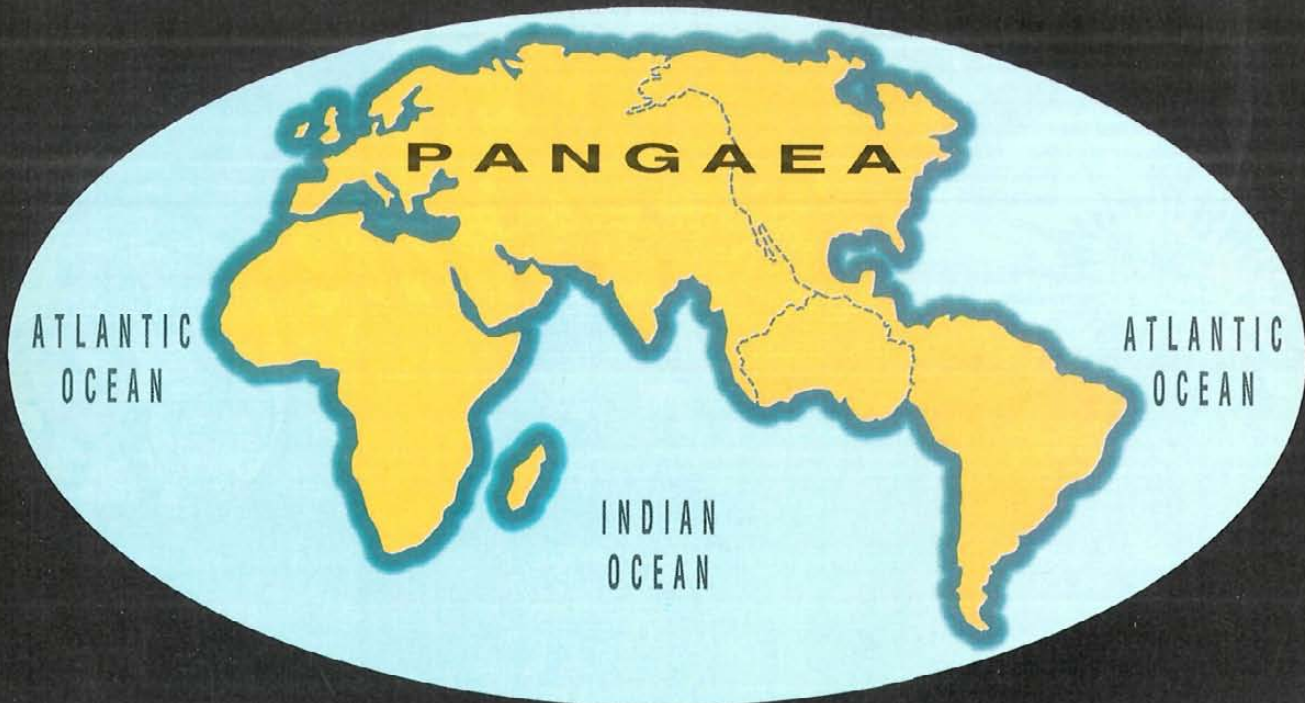


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PANGAEA! SUPERCONTINENT



“Have you heard about the plates?” our taxi driver asks us as we make ourselves comfortable in the backseat. “We’re all coming together!” he gushes excitedly, nearly coming together himself with the rear bumper of a Mack truck in front of us.

But who can blame him for being excited? It’s hard *not* to get worked up about the shifting plates of the earth’s uppermost crust and mantle, the twelve or more great segments of the lithosphere that float freely on a cushion of molten rock and will eventually bring together Africa and Europe, Asia and North America, Australia and Peru.

“Sure we’ve heard,” we tell Mr. Fazul, our driver, “and we couldn’t be happier. As a matter of fact, we’re on our way to one of the city’s finer restaurants to discuss plate tectonics and the tremendous opportunities we’ll all enjoy after the ‘Continental Kiss.’”

He shakes his head and smiles. “Just think, in several million years, I’ll be able to *drive* home to my friends and family in Turkey.”

Indeed, Mr. Fazul could even pedal or walk to Turkey, as plans are already under way for the roads, bike paths, and hiking trails that will bring us in the New World into actual contact with some of the most famous sights and cities of the Old—to say nothing of the warm interpersonal international relationships that are a vir-

tual certainty to develop. And unlike all previous utopian visions, this one’s *guaranteed* to become reality—because the enormous plates are *already* in a constant state of movement! At last, the event most experts sadly acknowledge to be at the root of many of the world’s thorniest problems—the violent upheaval of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge some two hundred million years ago that ripped North and South America from Europe and Africa—will be made right, and we’ll join our friends once more. Only this time, we’ll come to them from the other side—the Pacific Rim!

Hard to believe? Not so hard when you consider that although the Continental Kiss has been under way since the early days of the Mesozoic Era, when the first dinosaurs roamed the earth and active volcanoes were as common as clouds, it wasn’t even discovered until just seventy-eight years ago! “Right you are,” chimes in Mr. Fazul, twisting around in his seat so that he can rest his head in the small, open space of the bulletproof Plexiglas partition that separates him from us, his hands describing the original Pangaeatic configuration while his foot still presses hard on the accelerator. “Only in 1912 did Alfred Wegener posit a continental drift theory. To much ridicule, I might add. But in the forties, people gave the idea serious consideration. In the sixties, several scientists tentatively proposed a dynamic

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIOT BERGMAN

EQUALS SUPER-GOOD TIMES



theory of shifting tectonic plates. And now, well, you can't drive five blocks in this city without seeing a 'Continental Kiss' T-shirt or bumper sticker. Look, there's one now!" he says, staring past us through the rear window. "This whole thing has reached critical mass, and I think it's marvelous. I'm no scientist, but I'll tell you one thing—these next few hundred million years are going to be absolutely nuts!"

Nuts indeed. And what better time for it, and what better place? In just the few decades since World War II, the Far East has come into its own as a center of financial power and innovative manufacturing. When the North and South American plates are pushed into place, it will become the geographic center as well, the hub that connects the world, with all the tools to make these fantastic opportunities real. Add to that the impending completion of the Channel Tunnel from France to England and one can imagine limitless possi-

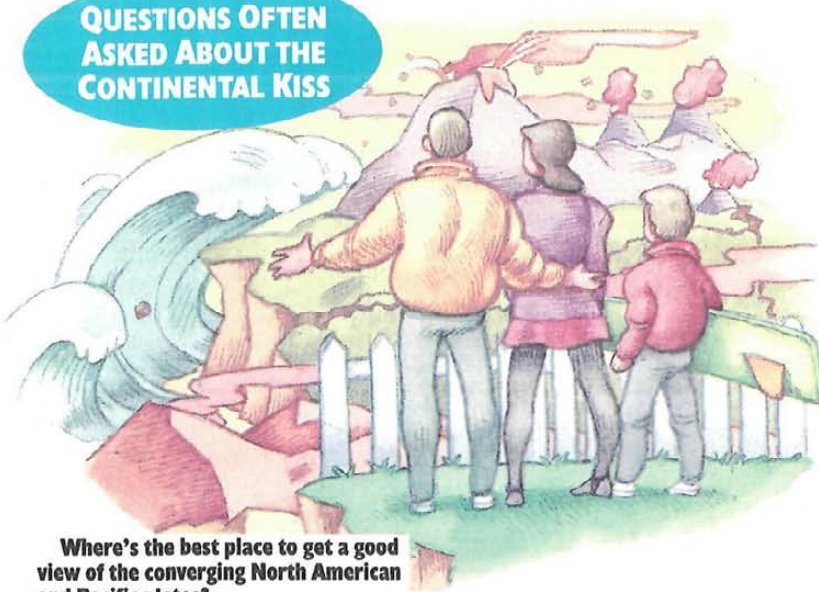
bilities for an exciting new age: the Cape Horn-to-Cape Town Turnpike... bus tours of *international* civil-war sights from Guernica to Gettysburg... spring-break road trips to Indonesia—to name just a few.

Perhaps more important, however, is the human side to the Kiss. At last, with the exception of a few indigenous island peoples of the Atlantic, men and women of all races and creeds will live together on the same land-mass, a crucial step for world understanding. For though we may not all live under one roof, we will at least share the same floor.

And so, in this time of goodwill and optimism, of razed walls and raised hopes, we look ahead to the days of true unity, of the Continental Kiss and the creation of a new supercontinent. And, as Mr. Fazul negotiates with the policeman and some of the other motorists who were involved, we exit the cab smiling: the best is yet to come!

ILLUSTRATED BY WINSTON SMITH

QUESTIONS OFTEN ASKED ABOUT THE CONTINENTAL KISS



Where's the best place to get a good view of the converging North American and Pacific plates?

The actual movement of the plates is often hard to detect, though at some divergence points, plates may be separated at the remarkable rate of six to ten centimeters per year. Just the same, we recommend steering clear of the obvious viewing areas such as Los Angeles and Tokyo, as those cities will no doubt be filled with excited onlookers who may block your view and make finding accommodations difficult. Also, those cities rest on or near subduction points, where one plate slides beneath another. That adds up to enormous earthquakes that will ultimately destroy both cities and kill whole populations as well. Your best bet would be to rent an apartment in Vancouver. It's cheaper than Los Angeles and Tokyo, and better for families in general.

Will international mail be delivered faster?

Yes, much faster.

I make my living as a Pacific Ocean fisherman. What will I do when there is no Pacific Ocean?

Due to the basic conservation of the earth's mass, as the Pacific Ocean shrinks the other oceans grow larger, and they're sure to be full of fish. Of course, large stretches of coastline will be effectively lost, so you might consider resettling to the East Coast now, before beachfront property becomes prohibitively expensive. But consider, too, the wide range of new career possibilities in a Pangaeatic world. We foresee an enormous need for highway patrolmen, customs officers, and Chamber of Commerce functionaries.

You might also try ranching in a place like San Diego.

Will students be required to memorize all the nations' capitals, just like the states?



Yes.

Living in Boston, I feel I'm miles away from all the excitement. What's the possibility of the North American plate's drifting back toward Europe?

Unfortunately, there's almost no hope at all among the members of the scientific community for an eastward regression. At least not now. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge keeps pushing us away from Europe as sea-floor spreading continues. Still, sea-floor spreading in the Atlantic has slowed considerably over the last 150 million years. And though it's premature to guess, it is possible that after we connect with the Pacific Rim, we may indeed be pushed back east to the original Pangaea configuration. Don't forget, though, that just because you live in Boston doesn't mean you won't benefit from the Continental Kiss. You may have farther to drive, but you'll still be just a car trip away from the rest of the world!

PLANS FOR A PANGAEATIC WORLD

The Continental Kiss will bring about untold changes in all aspects of our world, from culture and technology to the global distribution of plant and animal life. The challenge of meeting these changes head-on is daunting. But it is also exciting—never before have circumstances been so opportune for innovation and cooperation. Here are just a few of the dynamic new plans already under way for the future supercontinent:

All-World Rules Football—The Canadian, Australian, and National Football Leagues have begun preliminary meetings geared toward bringing all three games together under a single set of rules because, as one spokesman put it, "it seems retarded to have three different kinds of football being played on one supercontinent." Although they agree it may take several years for the rules changes to be completely adopted, they're optimistic that football fans from all over will be enthusiastic about the breakneck action and lavish halftime displays that are sure to follow. In fact, even countries who normally can't stand the game have expressed interest in All-World Rules Football, and franchise bids have already been lodged with an ad hoc All-World Football Teams Committee. Eventually, all stadiums will be connected by a network of subways and, due to the number of teams, games will be played daily during a season of seventeen months on, six months off.

International Parks System—Modeled on the United States' national parks system, the proposed International Parks System will employ many thousands of rangers, trail guides, welcome, folklorists and storytellers, gift-shop clerks, map girls, garbage-men, and campfire-ring builders. More important, though, it will afford citizens from all over the world an



opportunity to explore the natural beauty of planet Earth and inspire them not only to appreciate the wonder of nature, but to work toward preserving it as well. Some 150 acres in Mongolia, Greenland, south-central Kansas, Paraguay, the Northwest Territories of Canada, Chad, Syria, Bulgaria, Lapland, Namibia, and Kamakura, a resort city near Yokohama, already have been provisionally donated to the International Parks System. And in Chad and Paraguay, RV hookups have been installed.

World Highway—A supercontinent needs a superhighway to connect all the contiguous continents and meet their supertravel needs. The World Highway will be thirty-two lanes wide, with individual-lane speeds ranging from ninety miles per hour on the inside lane to ten to fifteen miles per



hour—designed for horse carts and rickshaws—on the outside lanes. Rest areas will be lavishly appointed, and will sell duty-free items such as cigarettes, fireworks, and perfumes to travelers. Attendants will comply with the policy of “mandatory friendliness,” and will be required to speak many languages.

Supertrains—When the World Highway won’t get you where you’re going fast enough, there’ll be Supertrains. Although the technology for the 3,000-mile-per-hour rocket-powered rail sled has existed for forty years, its development has been delayed due to the fact that it is restricted to perfectly straight stretches of track, and must travel at least 10,000 miles in order to allow for its long deceleration time. With Pangaea in effect, a Supertrain track will be built from New York to somewhere in the vicinity of England, bringing passengers from one side of the continent to the other in a matter of hours. “It’s better than a plane,” rocket scientist Gene Drake claims, “because you can walk around; you see more countryside; people are generally friendlier; a lot of times the food is better; it’s sort of classier—like in old

movies; the people are friendly; and sometimes trains have a glass-top observation car where you can enjoy the sun and play cards or read a book.”

CONTINENTAL KISS POLITICS

What will the political situation be like once the earth is one enormous landmass stretching from Lisbon to Miami? Most experts we talked to share a single vision for a Global Community:

United not only physically but also by the experience of coping with the wrenching changes of the Continental Kiss and by the spirit of good old-fashioned neighborliness that’s sure to prevail, all the various peoples of the world will agree to a coalition government. The Global Community will operate in response to the *total* needs and desires of everyone in the world.

In this system, people will govern themselves by reason rather than self-interest. Work will be done for the common weal and all citizens will be expected to contribute. In the evenings, people will gather on porches or in warm kitchens to discuss the education needs of children, say, or transportation problems. Such problems will then be taken up with a general community council, who will assign them to the appropriate agency. These agencies are no more than rotating groups of community members who take care of essential, necessary tasks, from distributing foodstuffs to clearing snow from the roads. In short, people will be compelled to work together to better the lives of everyone in their world and community.

This is not to say that the new way will be communism. It won’t be. Rather, it will be better, friendlier, more positive, with a greater concern for individualism and creativity. Exchanging ideas and opinions will be a valuable and necessary part of day-to-day life, and all opinions will be respected. The arts will also play an important role in society. They will be as important as water, or food. Restrictive marriage laws will be abandoned and people will be encouraged to love freely. Hitchhiking will be safe, and if you want, you can have many, many wives. And if it’s okay by them, you can take pictures of them naked, or with some of your other

wives, also naked. Cats will be wiped from the face of the earth, and all families will have dogs. As many as they want. There will be no such thing as “cool” people, or people who are considered superior to you or “cooler,” because they will be dead. Everyone will be happy.

PRELUDE TO THE KISS: WHAT TO LOOK FOR

Here are some things to look for to make sure that the Continental Kiss is on course:

Changing Weather Patterns—Our current weather systems depend on the delicate bimodal balance of our planet’s geography, which may well be disrupted by major continental shifts. That may mean that a “thaw” in U.S.-Chinese relations may not be the only warmth that results!

Tsunamis—The surf will be up like never before, because these giant seismic sea waves are a common geological event and should increase in frequency. It’s as though the earth itself were excited about its Pangaeatic future!

Volcanic Activity—If you think the fireworks are neat come July 4, wait till Pangaea! The Ring of Fire—the chain of volcanoes circling the Pacific along the edges of the Pacific plate—has already begun to come alive with activity during these years preceding the Continental Kiss. As the Kiss draws nearer, well, don’t go out without an umbrella!

Popular Music—Already, musical supergeniuses like Paul Simon and David Byrne have sampled the richness of Latin and African music. Soon, listeners can expect Asian and Indian influences as these landmasses draw near. Look for pentatonic scales



and the increasing use of drone instruments to provide an unexpected harmonic base—as well as scantily clad exotic maidens on your MTV! ■



PANGAEA: PANACEA OR PANGLOSSIAN MISCALCULATION? Report to the President Concerning the Continuing Activities of the Pangaea Movement and Its Implications for the National Security.

LT. COL. WM. OAKLEY, RET., NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL
OFFICE OF GEOPOLITICAL, -PHYSICAL,
-LOGICAL, AND -DESIC AFFAIRS

OUR nation is moving perilously to the left. Not politically, certainly, but perhaps even more ominously, *physically*. Within the next two hundred million years, and possibly within a hundred-million-year time frame, certain geological forces will push the Leader of the Western World thousands of miles away from its NATO allies and directly into the waiting laps of an increasingly unpredictable Eastern bloc. The resulting so-called "Pangaea" is being hailed by the liberal media as yet another new utopia (see "Pan-Geewhiz!," *Newsweek*, Mr4, 1991), another rose-colored vision that yet again fails to take into account vital U.S. interests.

Absent from the typically Panglossian prose on this issue:

- Computer models indicate that the most likely Pangaean configuration (see Fig. A) will bring the U.S. western coast into contiguous contact with the U.S.S.R., Japan, China, Korea, and Indonesia, nation-states which all have had historically troubled relationships with the U.S.
- U.S. foreign policy to date has been highly dependent on its virtual geographic isolation, which has

allowed the U.S. to exercise its military options securely outside the parameters of its own borders. A Pangaean-type contiguity will not only severely reduce this option, but will raise the specter of a military spillover in which the U.S. is drawn into a war it did not even start.

- Post-Pangaea, the U.S. can expect a massive influx of illegal immigrants, possibly tens of millions of Chinese slipping across the new Asian-U.S. border disguised as Japanese (Fig. B). These Chinese will likely retain some lingering effects of their Communist indoctrination, making them ideal targets for Democratic party rhetoric.

- An East-West continental convergence will result in most, if not all, strategic U.S. naval bases in the Pacific arena becoming landlocked.

And geopolitical upheaval is not the whole of it; there is also the rather delicate matter of geopsychology. The American people are accustomed to being partially or totally ignorant of cultures other than their own. Pangaea could very well result in U.S. citizens' traveling extensively in Asia, and subsequently a greater understanding and empathy for its people. Any such "geo-bonding" will unnecessarily complicate U.S. foreign policy.

It has been noted by other offices in the executive branch that Pangaea is a problem best left to future administrations; this is shortsighted in the extreme. Pro-Pangaea forces have already latched onto this event as the pivotal period in the Cenozoic Era, and to allow them free latitude in defining this issue forebodes grave consequences for the national security.

The Geological Option

Obviously, preempting continental linkage before it can occur represents the best possible scenario from a National Security standpoint, but this is unfortunately not yet a viable option. Not only would it require a mas-

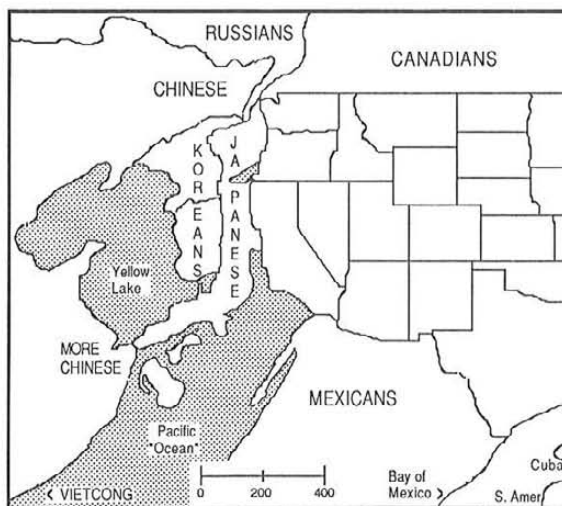


Fig. A WHEN WEST MEETS EAST This computer simulation clearly demonstrates potential security threats posed by Continental Unification. Model is for the year 2001991 and assumes minimum mantle buckling and no major political upheaval.

sive commitment of dollars and resources over the next several millennia, it would eventually exhaust existing U.S. nuclear stockpiles. Furthermore, there are some scientists who believe that the administration's "Deep Shove" proposal is fundamentally flawed. These scientists believe that rather than reversing the direction of continental drift, an abyssian depth charge of the gigatonnage anticipated would likely result in the spontaneous eruption of the more than three hundred volcanoes along the so-called Pacific "Ring of Fire." This, in turn, would precipitate a significant "magma dump" into the eastern Pacific, increasing the total Asian landmass by 46 to 72 percent and causing Pangaeic concussion to occur even earlier than anticipated, perhaps within the next five to ten years. On the plus side, any lava flowing from this event would be highly radioactive, providing a large geopolitical "dead zone" that would effectively discourage foreign incursions or immigration, though for only a few thousand years.

While it is not currently administration policy to believe such a scenario is possible, it should be noted that several scientists espousing this theory are Nobel Prize winners in exactly this area, and can be counted on to attempt to rally public support to their position. Even in the current anti-intellectual climate we are enjoying, this could prove damaging.

Consequently, and given current prevailing public attitudes concerning radioactivity, acceptance of "Deep Shove" does not appear likely from this Congress. Therefore, it is recommended that details of the Strategic Geo-Integrity Initiative remain covert until such a time as corrective propaganda efforts can be effectively deployed.

Propaganda Options

As the administration is no doubt aware, Pangaea boosters have already made significant inroads on college campuses and other traditionally liberal bastions. The pro-drift movement has adopted the popular rock-'n'-roll song "Come Together" (see McCartney, Paul [NCS481F]; Len-

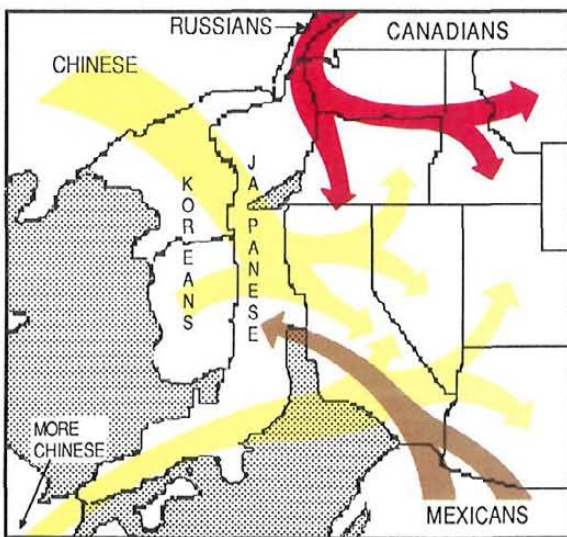


Fig. B Colored lines (Russians—red, Chinese—yellow, Mexicans—brown) indicate likely migration patterns following Pangaea.

non, John [Term.] as its anthem, and T-shirts bearing cheery "Continental Kiss" logos and allegedly clever sayings (e.g., "My Descendants Will Experience the Biggest, Wettest Kiss in Recorded History and All I Get Is This Dumb T-shirt") have become ubiquitous.

Unchecked, this uncritical acceptance of continental collision could spread to the general public. However, as previous campaigns have shown, engendering fear and suspicion of the foreign and unknown in the civilian population is a fully attainable objective.

- It is essential to redefine the terms of the debate away from the "warm fuzzy" language employed by Pangaeaphiles. For example, should the president be asked during a media opportunity about the approaching "Continental Kiss," he should be encouraged to undermine this prevailing positive construct with an alternative, but lighthearted, visual metaphor (e.g., "If you call two five-hundred-pound people running into each other face first a 'kiss,' then I guess it's a kiss"). Whenever possible, the administration should refer to Pangaea as "Continental Collision."

- At some point prior to full Continental Collision, scientists expect the Hawaiian Islands to be devastated by tidal forces, most likely in the form of a "tsunami" originating from the east (which may or may not also result in the destruction of Tokyo).

Subtle linkage between this catastrophe and previous Japanese aggressiveness with respect to this U.S. state (perhaps in the form of a presidential helicopter memorial service over the last known coordinates of Pearl Harbor) would provide a powerful emotional base on which to build an anti-conjunction consensus.

- It is useful to recognize that the Japanese, Chinese, and Koreans have themselves a history of intra-Oriental conflict. Though difficult to discern by the Occidental eye, these groups consider their differences quite pronounced and can be counted on to help maintain a xenophobic atmosphere.

Political Options

Given current instabilities within the Eastern bloc, political options are difficult to gauge at this point; nevertheless, three are worth considering.

- Offer to reduce or eliminate long-range and submarine-based missiles in exchange for no cap in the intermediate range. This can be done openly without arousing public attention, but may raise some hackles from the more conservative wing of the party.

Administration lobbyists should be careful to point out to these members that our current long-range arsenal, if launched post-Pangaea, would primarily strike London and Paris. Staunch hawks may also need to be reminded that these are allied territories.

- Provide statehood for Japan. Not only will this create a protective buffer from both the Soviets and the Chinese, it will effectively remove trade barriers and significantly reduce the chances of wholesale U.S. economic collapse within the next twelve to eighteen months. This might, however, prove difficult to sell to the American people.

- Reimplementation of Manifest Destiny. A popular, but potentially costly, option. ■

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face their future.**

NOT FADE AWAY

The Alte Wege movement says no to the New World Order.

Scenes from a changing world:

Night falls in Berlin as nineteen-year-old Hans Macher leaves his job at the new Gap/Unter den Linden and heads toward his hideout. Once there, he joins forces with his fellows and, after putting camouflage makeup on their faces, they scatter into the darkness, meeting at their objective—the Berlin Wall. There they labor through the night, smearing mortar and laying bricks. By dawn, their section of reconstructed wall rises two meters high and three meters across. They paint it with their symbol—a device combining an “A” and a “W”—and go home. . . .

In Kinshasa, Zaire, a group of university students—the Front for a Restored Belgian Congo—gather in a basement and sing the Belgian national anthem. Then their leader, Joseph Nwanza, reels off a screed of the injustices perpetuated by Zaire’s dictator (and a distant cousin), Mobutu Sese Seko, and patiently details a remedy—Zaire’s return to a status as a Belgian colony. After the meeting, the students make waffles. A banner with the “A” and “W” device hangs in the background. . . .

On a Russian field near Kursk, the harvest lies fallow. Ivan Kartikoff has had no time to tend to his field, for the enterprising young peasant must work day and night to meet the demand for his hand-painted Leonid Brezhnev commemorative plates. On the back of each plate, needless to say, there is the “A” and “W” device. . . .

Half a world away, police come to cart off demonstrators who continue to chant, “Take down this border!” The protestors wish for their land to be reunited with the country it was separated from long ago. A familiar scene—only this time, the site is the Rio Grande, the land is Texas, and the country is Mexico. The group is

Reunificado, and the members wear a shoulder patch with the “A” and “W”

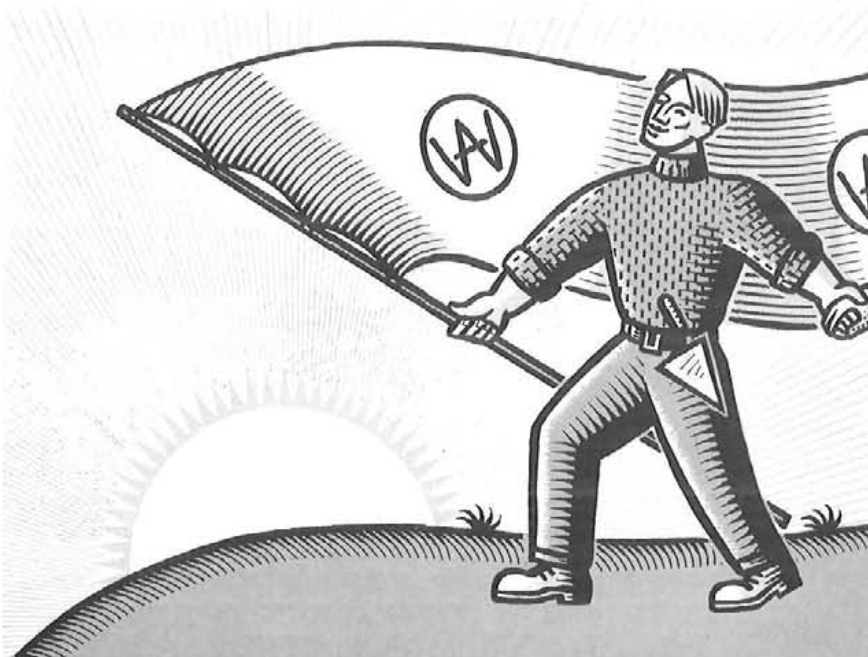
Four groups that share a symbol and a dream. Their symbol, the linked “A” and “W,” stands for Alte Wege—“old ways” in German. Their dream is to bring back the ways of the past. And although the four groups were founded independently of each other, they all have in common—word for word—this simple, one-sentence manifesto: “Things are bad now, and will only get worse, so we should go back to the way things were before.”

That they would all say the exact same thing, word for word, without knowing each other is astounding. But perhaps more astounding than this strange coincidence is Alte Wege’s growing tradition of success. From its humble origins as a collection of disaffected young Berliners making night raids to rebuild the Wall, Alte Wege has grown to become a bona fide international movement, making gains in every corner of the globe. That has some experts worried about the future of the nascent New World

Order.

“Alte Wege is successful precisely because it has no program. It is like Nature herself. She also is chaotic and resistant to change,” says Pierre Desjardins, a French monarchist, fashion designer, and major movement backer, who is preparing to launch an eighteenth-century-couture line later this year. “That is why I say Alte Wege is a movement of the spirit.” Indeed, the hopes of its members can take on a messianic turn. Plate maker Ivan Kartikoff is typical. “Somewhere in this land is the second Leader,” he says, referring as always to the event he and his followers call Brezhnev’s Return. “And when he comes, Russia will again stand astride the world, as proud and woolly as the man who leads it.”

And Alte Wege’s role in all this? “Occasionally an American will notice the symbol on the plates and come. I get them in a nostalgic frame of mind with a slide show and a scrapbook I have, and before you know it, they’re giving me money for my newsletter or helping out with the chores,



ILLUSTRATED BY TIM GRAJEK

weeding and such. When they leave, I give them a commemorative Alte Wege iron-on patch. You would be surprised how many miss the old ways just as much as I do. Some, I think, worked on the SALT treaty."

Such are the obligations of the Alte Wege banner: every group that wears its logo has sworn to aid any other group that wears it, unless the two groups in question are engaged in fighting at the time. And, through mutual help and support, they are making surprising strides toward their goal of an Old World Order.

W

As its German name suggests, the stirrings of this movement to snuff out the beacon of change began at the very place the light was kindled: Berlin. Alte Wege began with some disaffected young East—and West—Berliners. "When everyone danced as the Wall fell, I danced too," says Tamara, a charter member. "And I am a good dancer. But then, when everyone went home, I stopped. I felt stupid. 'Why am I dancing?' I asked myself. 'They've just torn down the thing that made us different from everyone else.'" She takes a long, reflective pull on her cigarette and stretches her dancer's legs. "You see, I am from the East, and the Westerners do not understand our way of life, the way repression and poverty brought out real, basic human feeling. And now all the best clubs are polluted with these noisy fat West Germans."

Fellow member Peter, from West Berlin, echoes the sentiment, if not the substance, of Tamara's remarks. "Reunification was a big mistake. I see that now. East Germans are shabby, and they whine all the time about their shitty cars. What do I care about

their shitty cars? Before I enjoyed my freedom. Now that it has been given to Easterners, though, it means nothing. That's why I joined."

And so Alte Wege (later to become Alte Wege/Deutschland, or AW/D) was born. Now with a membership of several thousand (the group's estimates are far higher; they include a "secret" membership "waiting for our views to become fashionable," says Peter), AW/D issues manifestoes, pickets the Bundestag, and rebuilds a section of the Wall every night. In less than a year, they have come far from the days when they were mocked: in fact, city officials have arranged to provide them with power tools and construction crews for their nightly efforts, since, as one official said, "it doesn't bother anyone and this is better than having them sit around doing nothing." Their spirits are, unsurprisingly, high. Says Hans Macher, "One day our workers' paradise will be restored." He sighs. "It had better be this year, though, or I will be too old when the clubs become good again."

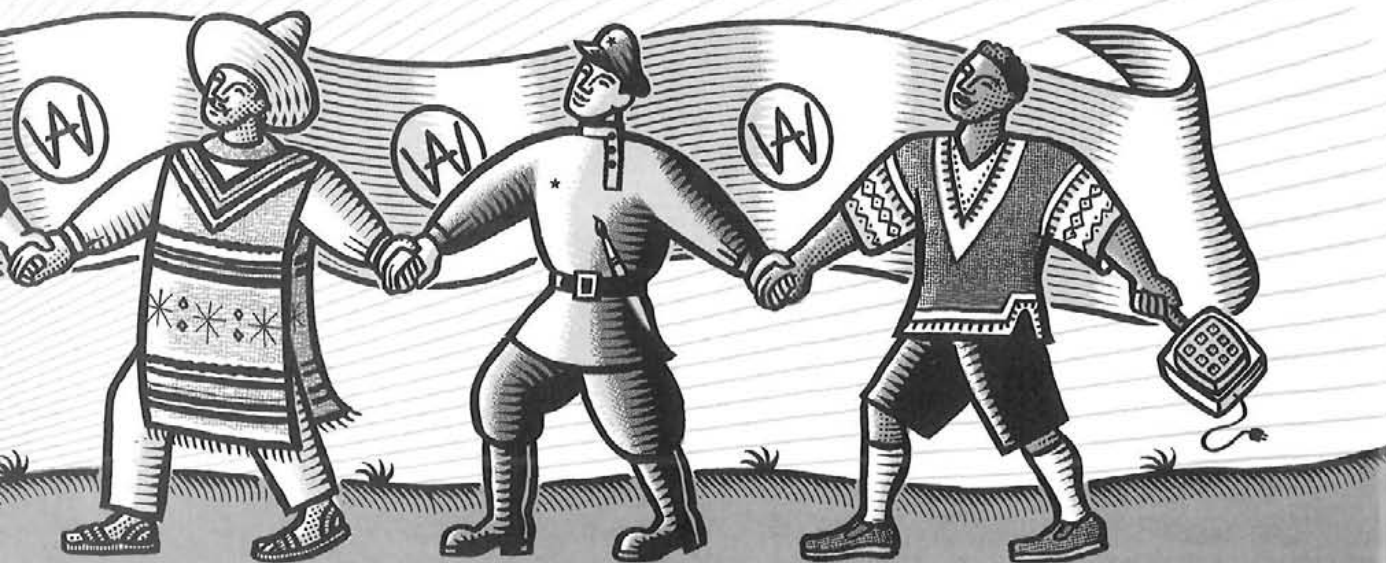
It was their determination to prevail that allowed Alte Wege to look beyond the boundaries of a reunified Germany for help—and led to the birth of Alte Wege as an international movement. Tamara let her little sister, Grete, an exchange student in Crawford, Texas, know of her efforts. Teary-eyed, her sister read passages of Tamara's letters to her American hosts. Moved by the pluck of this group of young Germans, and by Grete's "dance of a sister's sympathy" performed in the town bandshell, the citizens of Crawford quickly organized a fund-raising bake sale. "Out here, we really appreciate folks who fight against the odds," says Mayor Dick

Johnson. "Not to mention that I was in Germany in the service and I'd hate for all that business to start up again. Besides, that was a real neat little show that gal put on for us."

As fate would have it, a local Dallas station broadcast a story on the bake sale. Even though the piece was slotted in the "lite news" segment, the message of Alte Wege was taken very seriously by Reinaldo Carlos, head of Reunificado, a movement dedicated to promoting Texas's reentry into the Mexican confederation. The day after the broadcast, Carlos sent a letter of encouragement to the Germans, saying, "There will always be a place for such brave people here in Texas, no matter what flag flies over us." Confused but flattered, the Germans sent Carlos a copy of their manifesto, along with some iron-on patches, and an international alliance began.

Meanwhile, the group was making inroads in Europe as well, as those with their own dreams of reaction saw the work of AW/D and believed. One such was Janoš Hipček. A Czech welder with claims to an unspecified duchy ("It would be impolitic at this time to reveal which one"), he was on holiday when he witnessed an Alte Wege demonstration at the East Berlin McDonald's. Taken with the group's dedication, he asked if he could join—on the condition that he always be allowed to use the royal "we." The group assented, and Hipček's royal seal now incorporates Alte Wege's.

The prospect of contradiction between his goals and those of others in his network troubles His Self-Styled Grace not at all. "To us," says the welder, seated, resplendent in ermine, in his spartan Prague apartment,



"Alte Wege is a network, like the phone company. Alliances with communists, assassins—that's just statecraft. Our family has a saying: It takes many strong backs to support one throne." Colonial-subject-in-waiting Joseph Nwanza shares Hipček's attitude. "In fact," Nwanza says, "thanks to Alte Wege, support can come from unexpected quarters." He cites his own case, wherein the Brezhnevians have promised to set up a seventies-style puppet in Zaire—under nominal Belgian leadership—in the event of their future renaissance. No aid has come in the present, but Nwanza is unfazed. "It's the thought that counts," he says, affixing a poster of Belgium's World Cup team to his dormitory wall.

Ⓜ "New groups join us every day," says Hans Macher, "although there's no way of knowing, since we don't require them to check in with us." But all indications are that his guess is correct. The Alte Wege mark has allegedly been made in China by the New Confucians; in Iran by a group known as Take Back the Shah; and (in a demonstration of the movement's growing cultural influence) even in England by the Brixton Riots Alumni. Since the group's organizational principles are virtually nonexistent, its success must be tied to something deeper. Clearly, Alte Wege speaks to an emotion—or emotions—of the moment.

Outside of protest-related incidents, the most specific demonstration of Alte Wege's power to date has been Uwe Lasker's campaign for a seat in the German Bundestag, which stumbled only when Lasker referred to Chancellor Kohl as "a Western sausage ready for the grill of reaction." Nonetheless, the group is becoming a force to be reckoned with in German politics, even as Ivan Kartikoff's Brezhnevians are in the Soviet Union. "I have sold my plates and my new oversize papier-mâché Brezhnev heads to many Politburo leaders. I believe they consult the heads in private."

Kartikoff, like others getting their first taste of change, is determined to repulse it. "The New World Order is like all before, only bigger and more expensive. It is doomed to failure, and is time-consuming. At least when things are predictably bad, there is the chance to have some time for yourself." But others, whose fights date back centuries, like Pierre Desjardins, view their struggle more gently. "My cause is hopeless. The *ancien régime* is no more. My goal is merely to ensure

it is not unmoored, to preserve its values and, most particularly, its fashions." And, indeed, Pierre is credited with reviving singlehandedly the vogue for three-cornered hats currently sweeping Europe. He promises to donate profits from his design lines to those Alte Wege movements "which I like the best."

Pierre brushes aside the notion that the competition for his money could cause internal rivalries that will drive Alte Wege apart even as the network seems to be strengthening—an event most international experts expect to happen. "Most of these guys would kill each other, except they can't afford postage, let alone guns," says David Miller, professor of World Knowledge at Warren Oates Junior College in Appleton, Wisconsin. "Look at what happened to the Crusaders."

Miller is referring to Alte Wege's biggest embarrassment—last November's massacre of members of Crusades II, a group seeking to restore the Holy Land to Christendom. Convinced their Alte Wege symbol would help them gain safe passage through the Middle East (since, they reasoned, followers of ancient faiths should be sympathetic to its goals), the Crusaders met a tragic fate when they fell victim to a rare joint massacre by Moslems and Jews. Other Alte Wege members disavow the group, however. "Most un-Christian. We would have excommunicated them, given the chance," says Janoš Hipček in between blasts from his acetylene torch.

Further Crusader-like disasters would probably be welcomed by most governments, however. In particular, the Bush administration has indicated its distaste for Alte Wege in no uncertain terms. During the Front for a Restored Belgian Congo's takeover of Zaire's embassy in Brussels, for example, Secretary of State James Baker offered Belgium the option of a tactical air strike on the embassy. (The Belgians refused.)

Despite official disdain, however, Alte Wege remains robust, and its flourishing has sparked a new emotion in some of its members: hope. "I used to feel my cause was lost, that my beloved Texas would always smart under the heel of the Yankee," says Reinaldo Carlos. "Now I'm not so sure. When I see my new friends around the world fight so hard, it inspires me to keep fighting. In a few years, we will show them. Then, after we triumph, all the discredited New World Order folks can come join us." ■

ALTE WEGE: ONE GROUP'S STORY

Among the Alte Wege groups that have attracted the most attention is Joseph Nwanza's Front for a Restored Belgian Congo. This pro-colonialist group gained headlines not for its activities in Zaire—which have been minimal and unnoticed—but for an October protest in Brussels, where the group took over Zaire's embassy and demanded that the Belgian army take it over in turn. Belgium, worried about its own internal strife—a group of Walloons (with reputed Alte Wege ties) has been spilling for a fight against the Flemings of northern Belgium—threw the group in jail. Under pressure from American pro-colonialist conservatives led by Pat Buchanan, the group was never brought to trial, and it was allowed to return to Zaire last month. Though the takeover lasted only fifteen minutes, its repercussions are still being heard.

Such a publicity coup was beyond the imagination of twenty-two-year-old Nwanza when he founded the Front a year ago, convinced that the corruption and political violence endemic to Zaire since its independence in 1960 could only be brought to an end by "strong Belgian leadership." Nwanza, whose uncle was a colonial official in the fifties, looks upon those days before he was born fondly.

"Back then, I am told, things got done. If they had to build a road, displace a tribe, they did it. I admire that spirit. Now there's no guarantee you can get a parking ticket fixed, even with heavy bribes." Thus inspired, Nwanza founded the Front with his two roommates at Zaire Normal & Technical University in Kinshasa. Today the group has nearly quadrupled in size, consisting mostly of Nwanza's fellow students, although there are several surviving ex-colonial officials who are also affiliated. Prior to the embassy takeover, the Front's activities were few. "Education is always the first step," says Nwanza. "Therefore, we felt it necessary to inculcate the Belgian culture, so that political union, when it comes, will seem very natural. We have studied its people, its cuisine, its beer, and so forth. The incident at the embassy was unforeseen—we were merely asking for directions and my roommate's joke about a takeover was taken seriously—but it has worked out well. It was then that we affiliated with Alte Wege."

According to Nwanza, Alte Wege has helped gain the group supporters around the world it might not otherwise have. Even more important, however, he says that the Front takes pride in being part of an international movement. "It gives us strength to know we are not alone; it makes us feel as though our task could well be accomplished. That's important, for morale is everything.

"After all, Belgium is also a tiny country. Yet what it has to offer us is so much."

AT A GLANCE: THE NEWLY CONSTITUTED TOTAL PLAYWRIGHT GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES (EXECUTIVE BRANCH)

THOUGH we Americans cheered and took pleasure in the momentous events of the past year, we cannot deny that for us the great changes in Eastern Europe were tinged with more than a little sadness. Populist uprisings, democratic reforms, economic revolutions: a New



President:
Arthur Miller
Works include:
Death of a Salesman
The Crucible

THE CABINET



Secretary of Agriculture:
Amiri Baraka
(Leroi Jones)
Works include:
Dutchman
Junkies Are Full of
(SHHH...)



Secretary of Defense:
Stephen Sondheim
Works include:
Company
Sunday in the Park
with George



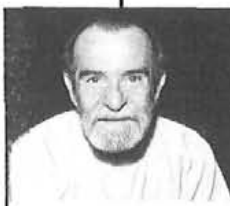
Secretary of Treasury:
Edward Albee
Works include:
Who's Afraid of
Virginia Woolf?
Seascape



Secretary of Commerce:
Andrew Lloyd Webber
Works include:
Evita
Cats
Aspects of Love



Secretary of Education:
John Guare
Works include:
Rich and Famous
Six Degrees of
Separation



**Secretary of Housing
and Urban Development:**
Athol Fugard
Works include:
Sizwe Bansi Is Dead
Master Harold and
the Boys



Secretary of Labor:
Wendy Wasserstein
Works include:
The Heidi Chronicles

EXECUTIVE AGENCIES



**Office of Management
and Budget:**
David Rabe
Works include:
Goose and Tomtom
Hurlyburly



**Office of National
Drug Control Policy:**
Tom Stoppard
Works include:
Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern Are Dead
Travesties



**Central Intelligence
Agency:**
Marsha Norman
Works include:
'night, Mother



Vice President:
Neil Simon
Works include:
Come Blow Your Horn
The Sunshine Boys

World Order was fast coming into being. Everywhere we looked history was being made. Everywhere people were doing incredible and mind-blowing things. Everywhere but in the U.S.A.

For us the thrilling implementation of new reforms was not possible. Democratic reforms were out of the question because we already *were* a democracy, and totalitarian reforms were unthinkable because we wanted to stay the land of the free.

Exciting change in America was simply not feasible because all the exciting changes *had* been *already made*. Such was our delusion until we saw the people of Czechoslovakia elect Vaclav Havel as their president. Here was an exciting change that we had not made.

We threw ourselves into the task with an enthusiasm that bordered on delirium. President Bush voluntarily resigned; the Cabinet soon followed suit. Grant panels and theater critics—responsive, as always, to the popular will—anoointed the successors. And America ruled the world stage once again.



Attorney General:
Miguel Piñero
Works include:
Short Eyes
Cold Beer



Secretary of Interior:
Sam Shepard
Works include:
Cowboy Mouth
(with Patti Smith)
Fool for Love



Secretary of State:
Dave Mamet
Works include:
American Buffalo
Speed the Plow



Secretary of Health and Human Services:
Joseph Papp
Noted director, producer, and cabaret entertainer

ALL PHOTOS AP / WIDE WORLD



Secretary of Veterans Affairs:
Harvey Fierstein
Works include:
Torch Song Trilogy



Secretary of Transportation:
Alfred Uhry
Works include:
The Robber
Bridegroom
Driving Miss Daisy



Secretary of Energy:
Harold Pinter
Works include:
The Birthday Party
Betrayal



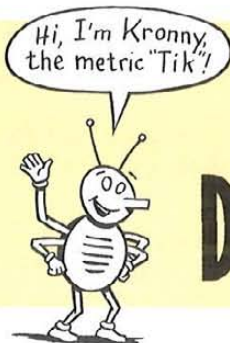
Council on Environmental Quality:
David Henry Hwang
Works include:
M. Butterfly



Council of Economic Advisers:
John Patrick Shanley
Works include:
Danny and the Deep
Blue Sea
Moonstruck (screenplay)



U.S. Trade Representative:
Beth Henley
Works include:
The Miss
Firecracker Contest



IT'S 1.992.163.000:00 DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?

If you're like most Americans, the answer, sadly, is: not likely. In this, the two hundredth anniversary of the metric system's dramatic introduction to the Revolutionary French Constituent Assembly,¹ use of the universal standard of weights and measures in the United States is tragically confined to the drug trade and large disposable soft-drink bottles. And now that the rest of the world is taking the next logical step toward quantitative unity—metricronicity—our country has inexplicably chosen to ignore the biggest leap forward in time since a Chinese farmer stuck an upright pole in a sunny rice paddy more than 4.5 kilocycles ago.

We are about to become men (and women) out of time. When the European Community switches over to the



new metric clock and calendar in 1992,² the United States, as signatories to the Metric Treaty of 1875, will be obliged to follow.

And follow blindly they will.

Our elected officials, preoccupied with remaining elected, have irresponsibly evaded the issue of metricronicity to avoid alienating the voters. But how alienated will the voters become when they can no longer read their Swiss watches, when speed-limit signs become gibberish, when they miss their favorite television programs because they don't know what day or time it is?

This article is our small contribution to preventing such a catastrophe. It may not tell you everything you need to know about metric time,³ but after reading it two or three times, you

¹On March 30, 1791. According to some reports of the time, women swooned and men wept when it was proposed that the regal English foot/pound system be replaced by something French.

²That's right, only .75 cycles away!

³This article is, in fact, adapted from the book *Time: A User's Guide*, sold throughout Europe and available at several specialty bookstores in the United States for about thirty-five dollars.

should at least be able to set your VCR.

You may rightly ask: but why should I learn this whole new method of telling time? What does metric time have to offer me *personally*? For your answer, take another look at our headline. Do you know what time that is? No? Well, that happens to be the metric equivalent of midnight, April 15, and you just missed your 1992 filing deadline. You didn't know how to make the conversion? Oh, don't worry; IRS auditors can be very understanding.

Motivated? Good.

WHAT MAKES METRIC TIME "TIK"?

As with the rest of the International System of Units, metric time is based on easy-to-calculate groups of 10: 10 kron in a mom; 10 moms in a ninja; 10 ninjae in a moon, and so forth. But what's more, metric time has been designed to be used by *people*. In order to facilitate rapid assimilation of the new system, the International Metric Commission has taken the additional step of designating official metric slang terms and metric colloquialisms for everyday street use. Before you know it, you'll be saying, "Hey, I need my mom"⁴ and "Looks like I'll be shooting the night moon"⁵ and you'll forget that seconds, minutes, and hours ever existed.

NO MORE SECONDS, MINUTES, OR HOURS? WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?

They've all been converted into units that make more sense for *the way we live now*.

The KRON is the most basic unit of metric time,⁶ and equals the amount of time it takes microwaves emitted by hot cesium atoms to oscillate 198,560,846,232 times. In Old Time, that's about 21.6 seconds.

⁴Meaning "Give me some time to think about that."

⁵Meaning to cram all night for a test, or to finish a big project.

⁶Named for Cronus, or Kronos, the kindly "Father Time" in Greek mythology.

The CENTIKRON is, as its prefix implies, one-hundredth of a kron, and carries the ISU-designated slang name "TIK." In this fast-paced modern world, where nearly everything transpires in a "split second," the tik makes the ideal unit of small time. In fact, a tik occupies no more time than it takes to say. Try it. Say "tik." Almost exactly .216 seconds, right? That's how long a tik is.

The MOMENT (ISUDSN: "MOM") equals 10 kron (or one "kilotik" or "k-tik") and replaces the old concept of the minute. It's 3.6 times longer, coinciding more closely with what people really mean when they say "just a minute."

The PERIOD (ISUDSN: "NINJA") equals 100 kron, or 36 Old Minutes, and replaces the half hour as the primary unit of television programming. Because it allows for an additional 16.7 krons of advertising per standard old "half hour," metric time will generate 75 percent more revenue for television stations, which, in turn, can be used to bring you better programs.

The MUNDIUM⁸ (ISUDSN: "MOON") equals one kilokron and represents an important link between metric daily time and calendar time. There are four moons per DIEM (ISUDSN[s]): "GEOSPIN" or, alternatively, "DAY"⁹, each representing the different parts of the old day: 0:00 to 0.999 t.m.,¹⁰ which replaces the old 6:00 a.m. to noon; 1.000 to 1.999 t.p.,¹¹ replacing noon to 6:00 p.m.;

⁷Interestingly, the slang name for this time segment was determined by a vote of more than ten million schoolchildren across North America and Europe.

⁸The exact linguistic derivation of this term is unknown (perhaps a portmanteau of the Latin *mundus*, "world," and "medium," from *medius*, though what this was supposed to mean is unclear). One representative from the International Metric Time Conference, who asked not to be identified, says that the need for this "fudge" unit was discovered very late in the conference and that the name was chosen hastily, simply because it "sounded right." The nickname (also not an astronomically accurate reflection of the unit) was added by an alert word processor after the conference concluded.

⁹This is the only unit of time held over from Old Time, reportedly for "sentimental reasons."

¹⁰*Tempus matutinum*. Latin for "morning."

¹¹*Tempus postmeridieum*, or "afternoon time."

2.000 to 2.999 t. v.,¹² replacing 6:00 p.m. to midnight; and 3.000 to 3.999 t. n.,¹³ replacing midnight to 6:00 a.m.¹⁴

And that's the end of your first diem.

LUNCH NEXT JOOPERDAY, THE 64TH? LET ME CHECK MY CALENDOMETER

Remember how annoying it was in the old calendar that only a few of the planets¹⁵ had days named after them, and that even those planets were in the wrong order? Or how confusing it was that, in English, the days were named after Norse gods who were not exactly theologically equivalent to the Roman gods whose planets served as the basis of the name day in the first place?

Metric time puts everything right.



In the metric "week," or DECANE (ISUDSN: "DECK"), there are 10 diems beginning with Sunday;¹⁶ Monday has been rightfully replaced¹⁷ by our very own Gaeaday (ISUDSN: "EARTHDAY"¹⁸); and everything's back to the original Roman. A metric deck looks like this:

| Old Day | Metric Day (ISUDSN) |
|-----------|---------------------|
| Sunday | Sunday |
| Wednesday | Mercday (Workday) |
| Friday | Venday |
| Monday | Gaeaday (Earthday) |
| Tuesday | Marsday |
| Thursday | Jupiday (Jooperday) |
| Saturday | Saturday |
| * | Uraday (Yourday) |
| * | Nepday |
| * | Pluday (Bluesday) |

Right now you're probably thinking, "Gcc, 40 moons seems like a pretty long workdeck"; but don't worry, you'll get plenty of time off. In fact, your off-time is so off, it doesn't officially count in metric time. Immediately following Marsday, everybody

¹²Tempus vespertinum, or "evening," also known as "t.v. time."

¹³Tempus nocturnum, or "nighttime."

¹⁴You will notice that in metric time, the day begins when it should, right when the sun comes up, rather than in the middle of the night.

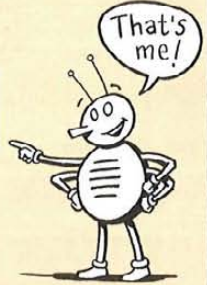
¹⁵Or, for you mythologists and pantheists, the gods.

¹⁶Named after the sun, not technically a planet; the day was kept at the behest of the Vatican.

¹⁷First, the moon is not a planet, and second, since there are now four moons per day, calling one of them a singular "moon" day would likely lead to massive misconversion by the populace.

¹⁸To be celebrated every deck, just as it now is every year.

CYCLES "MOONS" "MOMS" "TIKS"
1963.913.083:34
CALEND "NINJAE" KRON



THE METRIC TIME LINE

This is metric time as it is typically written. Spoken, you would say this time "It's eighty-three point three t.p., nine moons over November, in the nineteen hundred and sixty-third cycle of our Lord." Sound familiar? It

should. Translated into Old Time, it's 12:30 p.m. on November 22, 1963, the precise moment President John F. Kennedy was shot. You may want to write this number down. It might be on a test.

HELPFUL METRIC PHRASES, APHORISMS, COLLOQUIA, AND MNEMONIC DEVICES

- A hundred moons have September, April, June, and November, all the rest have one hundred, too, except for February and August, which have none.
- For every diem, turn, turn, turn, turn, there are many mundium.
- A stitch back then, now saves ten.
- Thank God it's Freeday.

gets four moons of off-time¹⁹—right in the middle of the deck, when you need it most. Also, at the end of each deck, there are twelve additional free moons.²⁰ In other words, you'll get the equivalent of an old three-day weekend every single deck,²¹ and what's more, your boss can't ask you to work that time because it *doesn't technically exist*.

But there's more. At the end of every June (that's the new June, see below), you get an additional seven diems off to celebrate the summer solstice; and right after Christmas, now the last diem of the cycle, you get eight extra diems to be with your family. Since you also get a three-diem deckend, plus Christmas and New Year's Diem off, that makes the Twelve Diems of Christmas.²² Not only is this a more humane way to celebrate the holidays, it makes every-thing work out mathematically.

NOW HERE COMES THE TRICKY PART

The next unit of metric time is the CALEND (ISUDSN: depending on the time of year, "COOL or WARM CAL"),

¹⁹Officially, this time period has no name, but its ISUDSN is "Humpday."

²⁰ISUDSNs: Freeday, Sabbaday, and Holiday.

²¹In Italy, Spain, and Ireland, most workers will also get Sunday off. U.S. government offices will also be closed on Saturday.

²²Most people already celebrate this period by refusing to do any work during it.

which consists of 25 diems. Doesn't sound very metric, does it? Well, that's because metric time is actually calculated in moons, not diems, and there are 100 moons in a calend. While it may be difficult at first to give up the concept of the "day,"²³ try to remember how easy it was to give up the idea of seconds, minutes, and hours just a few paragraphs above.

As to the calends themselves: these remain the same as the old months, except April has been restored to its historic place as the second month in the year,²⁴ and February and August, the least popular months of the year, have been eliminated. Etymology and Latin buffs will be delighted to discover that Septem-, Octo-, Nov-, and Dec-ember are once again the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth calends, respectively.

The rest you can probably figure out for yourself: there are ten calends, or 1,000 moons in a cycle²⁵ (ISUDSN: "ROUND TRIP"), 10 cycles in a DE-CYCLE, 100 in a HECYCLE, and 1,000 in a KILOCYCLE, or "BIG TIME."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

²³And you won't absolutely have to until the year 2000, when the calendar will be officially zeroed out to read 0.000.000.00 a.m. (*anno metrica*).

²⁴In the ancient Egyptian calendar. This change was made as a goodwill gesture to the Moslem world, which has not yet agreed to go metric.

²⁵Formerly called a "year."



THE 1991 ROYAL AND GUARANTEED MITTELEUROPA LOTTERY



**CONGRATULATIONS AND HOORAY
to Our Newest WEALTHY Citizen**

BOGDAN AND LOUZI SZMEGMA
of
CHYMEBILE, INNER WALLACHIA

Pinch yourself! Still can't believe it, **BOGDAN AND LOUZI?** Well, don't worry anymore about anything, because you have already been chosen to be a big winner!!! Isn't that unbelievable? But true anyway!!!

And when you contact us to find out what you have won, believe it or not, that is only the beginning, **BOGDAN AND LOUZI!** Here in this list are just a few of the jobs you have already won if you are chosen for them:

- RAILROAD BARON! Salary 750,000 ZLOTYS!
- DISTILLER MAGNATE! Salary 800,000 ZLOTYS!
- PETROCHEMICAL EXECUTIVE! Salary 850,000 ZLOTYS!
- MINING MIDAS! Salary 900,000 ZLOTYS!
- PHARMACEUTICALS TYCOON! Salary One Million Zlotys!
- HYDROELECTRICS CZAR! Salary One Billion Zlotys!

Think of the prestige and glamour of your exalted techno-industrial position when you learn if you have been chosen for it! How will you decorate your mansion? Will you drive a Mercedes or a Zil? How fiercely will your servants contend with each other to see to your comfort and flatter you, **BOGDAN AND LOUZI!**



- CELLULAR PHONES**
- LIMOUSINES**
- SWIMMING POOL**
- FIRST-CLASS FOOD AND WINE**
- SWANK APARTMENT**
- BUNDLES OF MONEY**
- CARS, CARS, CARS**
- GIRLS IN BATHING SUITS**
- MICROWAVE OVEN**
- WASHERS AND DRYERS**
- CADILLACS AND BENTLEYS**

You may like this one best!

Pay no attention to this nonsense!

Also, too — 36" color television with satellite dish!

RULES AND REGULATIONS: "THE 1991 ROYAL AND GUARANTEED MITTELEUROPA LOTTERY" IS A PROMOTIONAL ENTERPRISE OF THE **SUMOSHITA CORP.** OF NARITA, JAPAN, WHICH OWNS SOLE TITLE TO THE CONTEST AND ALL ITS LOGOS, DESIGNS, TRADE-MARKS, AND ALL REAL ESTATE COMPRISING BUT NOT LIMITED TO ALBANIA, YUGOSLAVIA, ROMANIA, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, BULGARIA, POLAND, ESTONIA, LITHUANIA, LATVIA, AND VAST TRACTS BOTH TO WEST AND EAST STILL UNDER NEGOTIATION. "THE 1991 ROYAL AND GUARANTEED MITTELEUROPA LOTTERY" IS OPEN TO, AND IN FACT OBLIGATORY UPON, ALL INDIVIDUALS DWELLING IN THESE TERRITORIES, EXCEPT EMPLOYEES OF THE **SUMOSHITA CORP.** AND THEIR RELATIVES.



CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

YOUR PERSONAL PRIZE!
Here it is! *You have already won this!* Clip out your "Go-to-the-Head-of-the-Line Card" **TODAY** and paste your photo onto it. Carry it with you **ALWAYS** day and night, so that you will automatically be given **FIRST PLACE** in any line for grocery shopping, medical aid, liquor supply, welfare check, etc. This card you have *already won — no one can take it from you!* Also to show the police when asked for your identification.
CLIP AND SAVE

DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE, MUTILATE, DESECRATE UNDER PENALTY OF LAW

PASTE
PHOTO
HERE

TODAY I'M FIRST!

- 14 MAY 1992, 6:00 PM — 4:30 AM
- 30 SEPT 1992, 5:00 AM — 9:30 AM
- 04 JUL 1994, 7:30 AM — 4:30 PM
- 35 JAN 1996, 5:30 PM — 6:00 PM
- 13 AUG 1997, 4:30 PM — 11:30 PM
- 21 MAR 1998, 8:30 PM — 3:30 AM

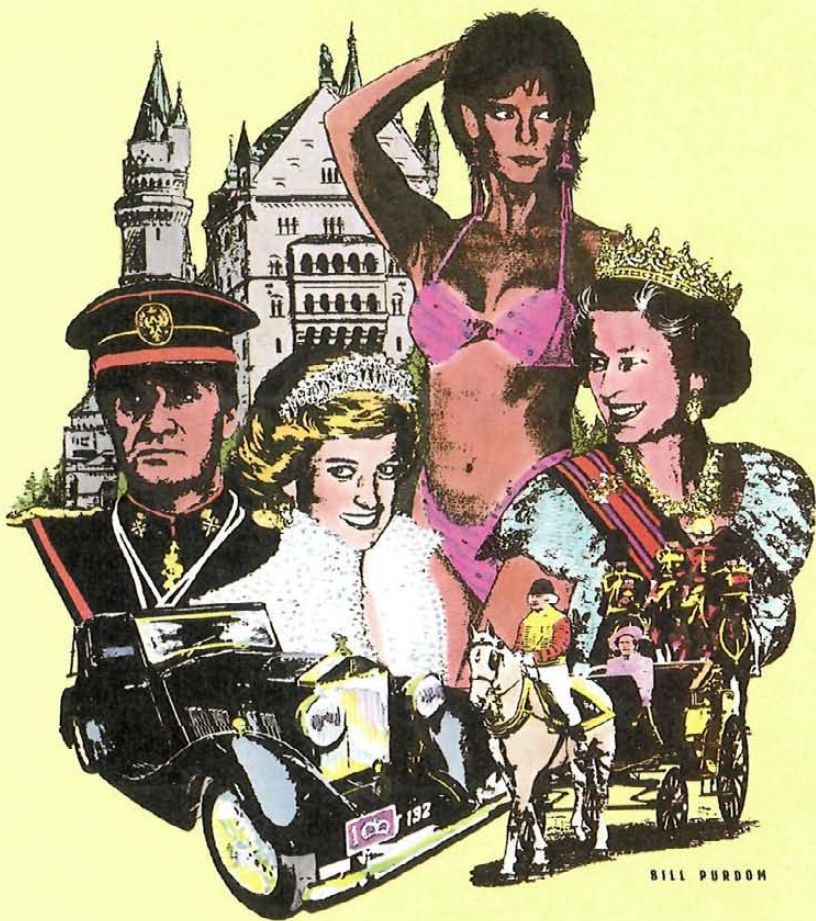
BOGDAN AND LOUZI SZMEGMA
of
CHYMEBILE, INNER WALLACHIA

WINNER
1991
MITTELEUROPA
LOTTERY

YOUR SIGNATURE OR MARK

MOUNT ON CONSTRUCTION PAPER

6,034 NEW NOBLE TITLES— WHICH ONE IS YOU?



Dear **BOGDAN AND LOUZI**—

So what else are you winning in the 1991 Royal and Guaranteed Mitteleuropa Lottery? Well, look here! We will be giving thousands of ordinary people just like you the power to lord it over everyone else! In addition to kings and queens, the new Mitteleuropa will be generously stocked with counts, barons, margraves, voivodes, and landgraves—just like old times, only better now, because you are in the picture! You get to hobnob with the titled aristocracy of the New World Order! You wield the knout!

Because you,

**BOGDAN
AND LOUZI
SZMEGMA,**



have been issued this exclusive "UPC" strip. If this strip registers as one of the 6,034 new noble titles, you are fixed for life! You do nothing for all this, except to vote in our democratic referendum. Just affix a YES or NO clip-out response to each of these two simple proposals below, and send the ballot card to us by return mail. We do the rest! For the rest of your life!

DEMOCRATIC BALLOT



YES



NO



YES



NO

FIX
VOTE
HERE

FIX
VOTE
HERE

GUNS OR BUTTER: YOU MAKE THE CHOICE!

YES! I'm so satisfied and happy with the New World Order in Mitteleuropa that I'm eager to sacrifice a little bit of my *new prosperity* to keep it in fighting trim! Give me the chance, whenever necessary, to put the lives of my children on the line for *freedom and progress*.

NO

IMMIGRATION POLICY: FRIENDLY OR WHAT?

YES! I sturdily believe that a diversity of nationalities is crucial to the reinvigoration of my moribund economy. I want to open my arms to Korean greengrocers, Yemeni tobacconists, Senegalese cabdrivers, and slumlords from Trinidad. I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

NO

**BOGDAN AND LOUZI SZMEGMA
CHYMEBIL, INNER WALLACHIA**



YOUR SIGNATURE OR MARK HERE

Return ballots to **SUMOSHITA CORP. Promotions, Box 500270, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10022.**



DOT-TO-DOT BRAIN CELL BAFFLER

WHAT IS ATTACHED TO THE DOG'S COLLAR?

1.

STAY WITH IT!



2.



PLAY THESE EGO-ENHANCING

NEW IN YOUR MEN

YOUR CHANCE TO SUCCEED...



FOR MENSA MEMBERS ONLY

IF THE BOAT CAN HOLD ONLY TWO PEOPLE, HOW MANY TRIPS WILL BE REQUIRED TO RESCUE THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR?



EVEN GIVES THE EXPERTS HEADACHES!

FIND-A-WORD MIND BENDER

WORD LIST
CAT

CATCAT
CATCAT
CATCAT
CATCAT
CATCAT
CATCAT

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED!



THE LABYRINTH

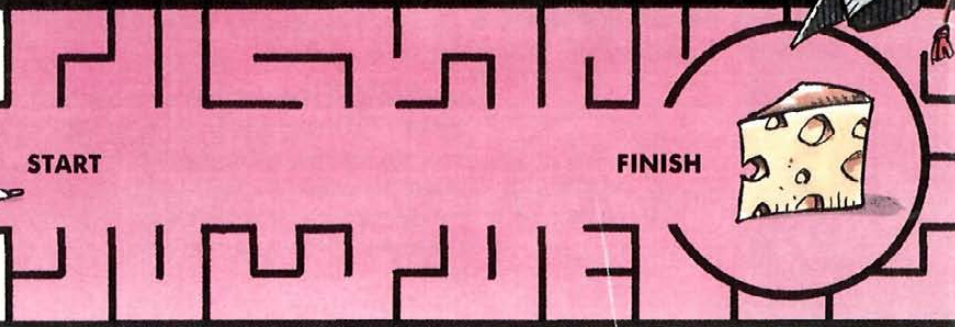
HELP THE MOUSE GET TO THE CHEESE



START



FINISH



TRICKING GAMES

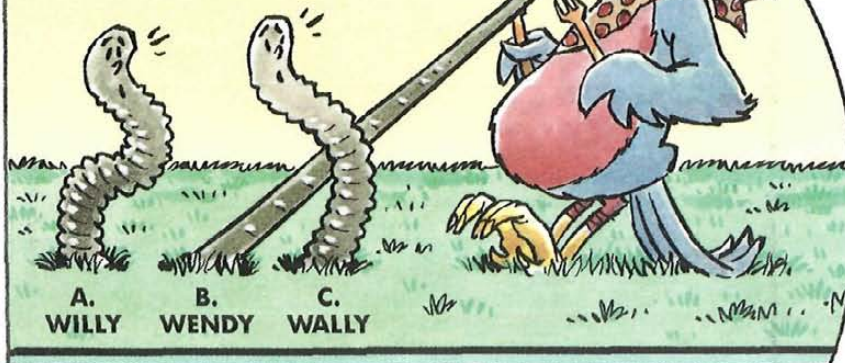
AND FEEL
CONFIDENCE
MENTAL PROWESS!



...WHERE EINSTEIN
FAILED!

THE TERRIBLE TANGLE

WHICH WORM DID
MR. ROBIN CATCH FOR
BREAKFAST?



A. WILLY B. WENDY C. WALLY

MATCH
THE PAIRS
IF YOU DARE

THIS ONE'S
SO HARD, WE'VE
GIVEN YOU SOME
HELP JUST TO
GET YOU
STARTED!

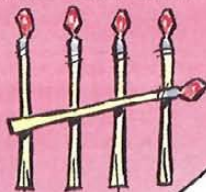


MATH HERNIA

NOBEL
LAUREATES
STUMBLE
HERE!



CAN YOU REMOVE
ONE MATCHSTICK
AND GET FOUR?



IMPOSSIBLY DIFFICULT REBUS

ANOTHER WORD FOR
MYSELF:



SPANISH EXPRESSION
OF SURPRISE:



+ ¡CARAMBA!

NOW RATE YOURSELF

| NO. RIGHT | RATING |
|-----------|------------|
| 0 | FANTASTIC! |
| 1 OR MORE | AWESOME!! |



YOU'VE
GOT
MENTAL
MUSCLE!

-ADAM KUBERT

PARIS DURING THE YEARS I was managing the French branch of the Consolidated Oterbine Mutual Association Insurance Agency was a fascinating place. Not only was it a time of artistic invention for writers, painters, and musicians, but for the insurance industry it was an especially dynamic period. For a relative novice just learning the trade it provided a perfect training ground; premiums were rising with few market corrections, and a range of coverage options, buoyed by new financial instruments, were coming on the scene in record numbers.

POLICIES IN PARIS

by Richard
Lavenstein

But I felt there was a new market to be captured, one which was growing and still untapped. The artistic community, shunned by my colleagues as unstable and without fiduciary responsibility, I knew to be virtually without protection. And I'm speaking of the entire spectrum: life, medical, disability, even theft. Since I had few contacts, as I was just starting out, I decided to place an advertisement in *Le Monde*. Rates for space were still cheap in those days, and for a few francs you could buy a three-inch ad in the services-and-products section.

One day a note arrived from Georges Braque, who, it seems, had clipped my ad from the paper and used it in one of his collages. Working on his piece for several weeks, staring at my ad the entire time, he decided to get in touch with me.

I went to see Braque at his studio in the rue Perrel. It was a cavernous room in a run-down building without heat, and Braque was bundled up in a paint-splattered overcoat and scarf. Everywhere you looked there were canvases piled against walls, tubes of paint, and open cans of turpentine lying on the floor. In the middle of

everything, two coal-fired space heaters were putting out little heat but spitting cinders. I sized up the situation and got right down to business. "Monsieur Braque, this place is a firetrap. All of these open cans of paint thinner and flammable materials could be ignited by..."

I had hardly started on my pitch when Braque cut me off with a wave of his hand. "Have you gotten a call from Picasso yet?"

"Why, no," I said, surprised.

"And Juan Gris? Any communication from him?" Braque hissed out his question.

"No, not Gris either," I replied, not a little confused by his tone.

Now Braque lowered his voice. "Condit," he whispered, "I want you to sell me an exclusive policy, one you'll agree never to sell to my competitors." This could be the worst sort of request a client might ask of me, a promise to cut off future sales.

"What sort of coverage do you have in mind, Monsieur Braque?" I asked warily.

"Why, my paintings. You will write a policy giving me complete protection for my work."

The ball was in my court, and I was eager to play.

"Okay, Georges," I started out reassuringly. "I think we can do business. You give me a list of items with their reputed value, and we'll set up a comprehensive policy on the work. But we set a minimum premium below which you can't go, regardless of market vagaries. As for an exclusive, I'll agree on the specific type of coverage we're arranging, but you allow us to sell different types of policies to your artist friends—for example, fire or life." Braque readily agreed to my terms.

And just as I expected, as time went on Braque's work got more expensive, and the premiums started to skyrocket. For the agency it was a bonanza. Braque never complained, though, because I kept my end of the bargain, as promised. Not that there weren't temptations to welsh on the deal. Just as Braque had feared, Picasso, wildly jealous of his rival's insurance, started to hound me for a policy even more comprehensive than Braque's. One day, while I was sitting at a café waiting for Vlaminck so we could discuss a lifetime annuity, Picasso spotted me and began to badger me about coverage for his sculpture, which he thought might not be included in my exclusive with Braque.

"Look, Pablo, forget about it. It's a dead issue." I had to let him down hard this time. Just to get him off my back, I offered him a fairly attractive automobile policy. That at last seem to mollify him, and he agreed to stop pestering me.

As it turned out—as I discovered later—Vlaminck saw Picasso and me from a distance and decided not to interrupt us, assuming we were engaged in an important business meeting. When I finally got in touch with Vlaminck, he told me he'd lost interest in the annuity. To this day I blame Picasso for a lost sale. Even worse, after Picasso's children started to drive (and who technically were not even covered under the terms of his policy), we found ourselves in constant litigation. It was one accident after another. Eventually we dropped Picasso, and he found himself virtually uninsurable. He moved his car into his studio, where in a gloomy mood he would sit in the backseat and sulk. So it is no surprise that between these two artists, I've always favored Braque over the more notorious Picasso.

BY ABOUT 1923 I HAD SNAGGED MANY OF THE artists and musicians who toiled away at their work in Paris. I can't say I always understood what they were up to, artistically speaking, but as a group they were pretty decent. Of course, some of them could be cagey with their policy arrangements. Man Ray was terrible about keeping up his premiums on health and life, and usually it would take a telegram marked "Urgent" to get him to pay notice to the amount due. Brancusi too had a policy with me, though sometimes he would send amounts of money that bore no relation to the amount owed. This confused our book-keepers no end.

One person who seemed to slip through my net was Gertrude Stein, and I badly wanted to meet her. One day, walking along the quai du Louvre, I ran into Virgil Thomson, who was Stein's collaborator and pal. "Tommy, you old so-and-so," I called out in my friendliest manner. "How's the salon scene chez Stein?"

Thomson fixed me with a glacial stare. "No one calls me Tommy, Condit, and that includes you. If you insist on speaking to me, call me Virgil, though the thought of conversation with you turns my stomach."

After Thomson stalked off I figured I would appeal to him only as a last resort. I decided to go home and call Stein myself. I dialed her number. The phone rang a couple of times, then went off with a click. I redialed, and again Stein hung up on me.

The next day I sent several policy brochures to Stein with a cover letter, hoping she'd agree to see me. After several days of not hearing from her I tried calling again. This time Stein didn't hang up, and in fact asked me to come by the following Thursday. My bold strategy seemed to be working. Or so I thought.

When on the following Thursday I showed up, Stein herself greeted me at the door. She was rather stout and resembled Spencer Tracy. Without inviting me in, she began to speak. "My friend Virgil Thomson told me about you, Mr. Condit. I asked you here so I could personally tell

you to leave me alone. I want nothing from you, and from me you will get nothing. Good day." With that the door closed on my face.

This wasn't just a tough case, this was downright rude. Now I was mad and started to pound on the door, demanding to be let in. Suddenly the door opened again, and it was not Stein standing there but Fernand Léger, a huge, hulking man to whom I had once unsuccessfully tried to sell a homeowner's policy. "Miss Stein says that if you don't go away now I'm to drive you away by force. Please don't make me do that, Condit."

"I was invited here, Léger," I told him angrily, and then added, "Tell Miss Stein that I'm aware that most of her art collection was purchased on her brother Leo's advice."

Needless to say, I never did get inside the famed salon, nor did I sell her a policy.

But a few days later I stopped by Coco Chanel's shop behind the Hotel Ritz to go over some details about her burglary insurance. Coco could be difficult in some ways, but she never missed a payment, and I thought of her as a friend. Coco told me to forget about Stein; she had purchased insurance years ago from another agent, and the entire altercation had started as a prank thought up by Thomson. I never spoke to Thomson again.

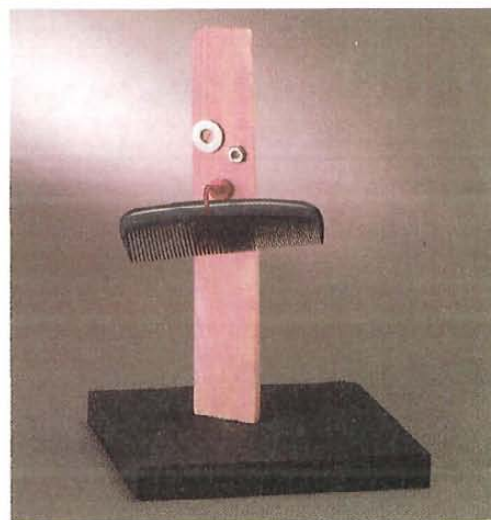
IN AUGUST OF 1924 I MADE A COLD CALL TO IGOR Stravinsky. His music, the few times I'd heard it at concerts, was pretty dissonant. Apparently I wasn't alone in my judgment; at the premiere of *The Rite of Spring*, the audience had hated the music enough to riot. I had heard that Stravinsky left the hall in a huff, telling the crowd it could go to hell. I figured anyone capable of writing music that caused fistfights to break out could probably use some personal-injury insurance.

The conductor who led the orchestra in *The Rite of Spring* was Pierre Monteux, a short, fat fellow who several years before had talked to me about purchasing some term

A PORTFOLIO OF PORTRAITS OF MR. FRANK CONDIT BY HIS CLIENTS



Pablo Picasso (1881-1973): *Frank Condit with Guitar* (1919), oil on canvas. Picasso Museum, Paris, Albert Condit Collection.



Juan Gris (1887-1927): *A Basic Term Life* (1920-21), found objects. Philadelphia Museum of Art, Marlon and Juanita Thomas Collection.

insurance. "Take off a few pounds, Pierre," I told him. "Then we'll talk." Between his weight and all that stick waving, I had decided he was a bad actuarial risk—even a moderate-length opera might kill him. But now I realized Monteux could be the key to Stravinsky, so I called him up.

"Pierre, *mon chéri*," I joshed him over the phone, "we've reconsidered and decided to offer you a twenty-year policy, and the good news is we'll waive the physical." He couldn't believe his good fortune. Meanwhile, taking advantage of his high spirits, I managed to get Stravinsky's home number from him, which in those days was almost impossible. After giving me the info, Monteux grew quiet.

"Please don't tell Igor I gave you the number," he pleaded in a low tone.

"Why, Pierre, you little walrus," I assured him, "of course not."

When I called I.S., as we were to refer to him back at the home office, he at once wanted to know who'd given me his phone number. "Why, Monteux gave it to me," I quickly told him, knowing his anger would be deflected onto someone else. After all, I was about to pitch a policy. You can't sell insurance to someone who hates you, and Stravinsky was already in a snit—maybe ticked-off enough to hang up on me, the worst scenario possible for a cold call. In a desperate attempt at getting him to hang on, I started whistling the theme of *Petrouchka* into the receiver. Stravinsky started grumbling on the other end, but I knew in a minute or two he'd be mine.

"What are you doing, Condit?" Stravinsky asked.

"Why, maestro, it's your *Petrouchka*. I just can't get the theme out of my head. What a catchy tune."

"Okay," Stravinsky said, "come over tomorrow."

The following day I rang Stravinsky's bell. His servant led me into a large drawing room filled with ornate furniture. In one corner, a large piano was piled high with books, sheet music, a rickety lamp, ashtrays, and wine goblets. After a minute or two, in walked a short, wiry guy with little steel-rimmed glasses, the type anarchist kooks used to wear, smoking a cigarette in an ivory holder.

"Condit, listen to this," Stravinsky said, motioning me over to the piano. He then sat down and played Irving

Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and not too well, either. When he finished Stravinsky turned to me and, his eyes like little slits, asked, "Like my new piece?"

"Maestro," I said slowly, "that tune was written by Irving Berlin."

"Bravo, Condit. Now let's talk insurance."

This was a new twist, even for me. I gathered my wits and launched into the general outline of my offering. First, he needed the personal-injury coverage. Next, he needed fire and theft protection on his home. At this Stravinsky started to balk, telling me he wasn't able to afford so much protection. I told him not to worry about it and suggested he stop by my office in the rue La Rochefoucauld so we could discuss other options in detail. In my head I was already working on a plan.

Stravinsky's own piano had given me the idea. I went out to a secondhand shop, purchased an old upright, and had it shipped to the waiting room of my office. I then loaded it up with papers, a couple of candelabra, some half-filled glasses—just the type of junk Stravinsky had on his own piano at home—plus one glass with lighter fluid.

When the little tunesmith arrived he was, of course, immediately drawn to the overburdened instrument.

"I wouldn't go near that piano, Igor," I warned him.

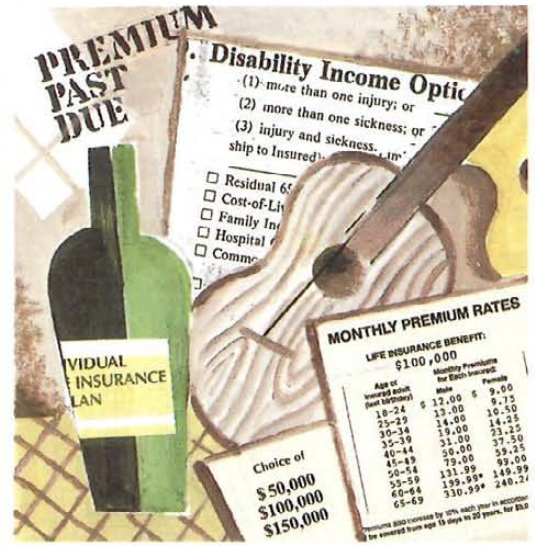
"It's such a mess, I should really clean it up. In fact, it's a downright hazard."

"How can this instrument be a hazard, Condit?" Just as Stravinsky was finishing his question, luck showed its hand and he flicked an ash into the glass with the lighter fluid. A flame shot up, which at once ignited some of the sheet music. In a minute there was an impressive blaze going, and my colleagues (who had been warned) rushed in with fire extinguishers and put out the inferno. Stravinsky was wide-eyed with amazement.

"Well, Igor," I said calmly, "that was a close call. It just shows the importance of keeping a tidy piano. Of course, the thing was insured, so no problem." This was rough treatment, but it worked. Not only did Stravinsky wind up buying fire and theft, but over the years he proved to be a valuable client and purchased an ever-widening array of policies. ■



Constantin Brancusi (1876–1957):
M. Condit (1922), brass. Museum of
Modern Art, Chubb Family collection.



Georges Braque (1882–1963): *Death
and Dismemberment* (1918), gouache
and collage on composition board.
Private collection.



OPENING WOUNDS: A SOLID PAWN FOUNDATION MEANS CONTROL OF THE MIDDLE GAME FOR YOU, UNIMAGINABLE SUFFERING FOR YOUR OPPONENT.

By Jack Huberman



THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF CHESS IS, OF COURSE, CHECKMATE—and, if possible, the utter ruin of the opponent on every level—professional, personal, physical, financial. But during the opening, such lofty ideals must be subordinated to a more workaday task: sound pawn development. Even so, the classic openings—the Grünfeld, the Queen’s Gambit Declined, the Queen’s Gambit Accepted, the Queen’s Gambit Discovered and Denounced—can yield exciting twists. In a game against Poland’s Stanislas Lemberg at last month’s Montevideo Open, Soviet grand master Yuri Kasimirov transformed a routine Sicilian Defense into a work of extraordinary imagination and brutality.

After the self-explanatory 1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 d3 3 d4 d4 4 Nd4 Nf6 5 Nc3 g3 6 Be2, the safe move would be 6... 0-0. But safe moves are not for Kasimirov. He will do something original—throw his opponent to the ground and jump up and down on his face; or, worse, attack the king bishop with Nc5. He must teach this pretender a lesson and silence him for good.

Kasimirov fires a warning shot—6... b4. Despite Black’s painful grip on his lower pieces, Lemberg hurls defiance: 7d5. A mad scramble ensues: 7... f5 8 ef Ng5 9 Qd4! Kgb. If Kasimirov does not look after his material, his position will be in tatters. He offers 11... d6, plotting 12Re8 Be2 13 Bf5. Lemberg sees through the ruse. He sidesteps 12... Bb, which ricochets off a knight and rolls harmlessly away. But 13 Ng3 tears a six-inch-wide gash through White’s right flank, the board, and the tablecloth. Lemberg shows his resourcefulness: he deftly patches the hole with 13 M and some chicken wire (Diagram 1).

Emboldened by 15 Rac8 and 100 prf vdka, Kasimirov goes after the queen. He chases her all around the room: 16 Xtc U2 17 Ub40 2LC 18 Run DMC. She is trapped. Her knights are

Diagram 1.

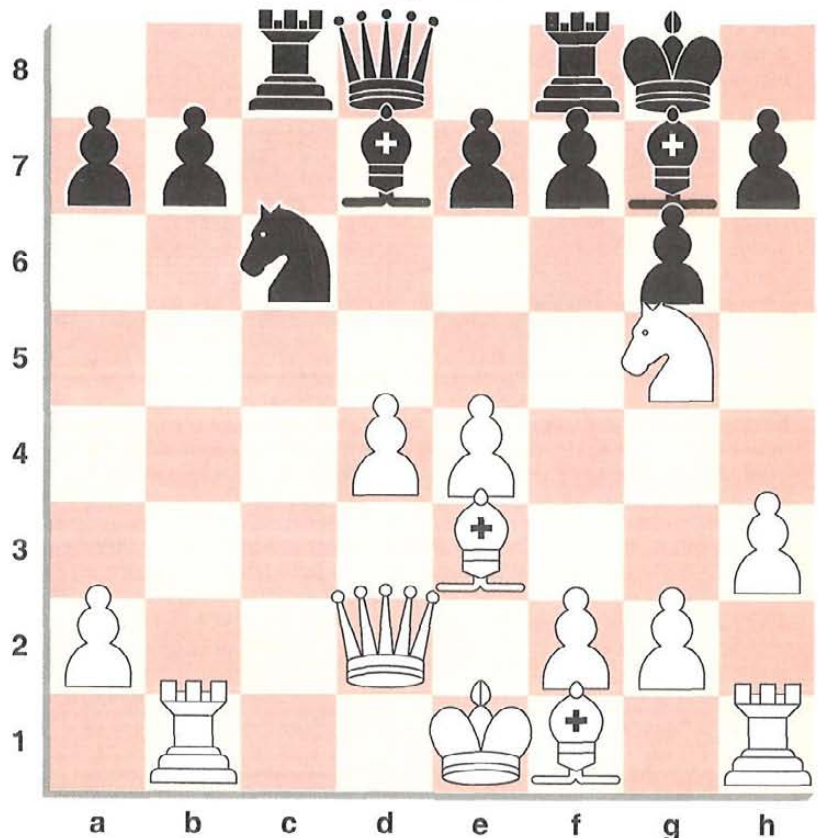
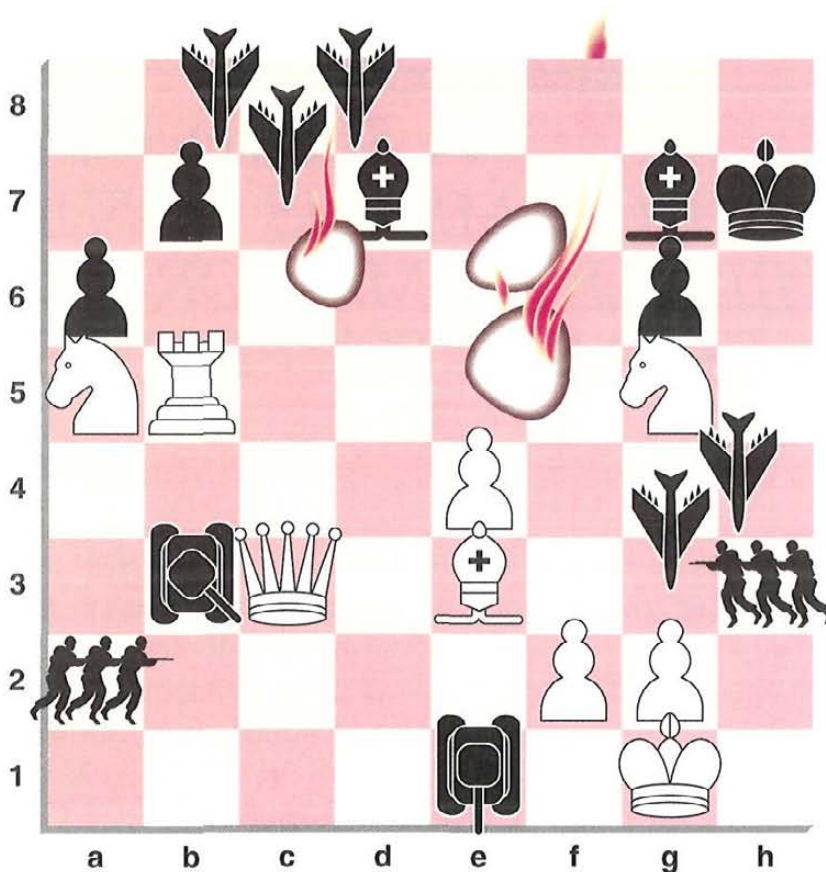


Diagram 2.



too far away to reach her. Everyone else seems to be out. 19 Qb4 won't work, and 911 doesn't answer. And where is Lemberg? Too busy picking pawns to notice (19 LxP Brp).

His gluttony proves expensive—for now behold: a great, broad boulevard leads straight to the White king. The vista is breathtaking. Kasimirov pauses to take photographs. He can afford to dawdle; nothing—no center pawns, no rook reserves, no threats against his wife and children, whom Lemberg's men hold hostage—can stop him now. White, hoping to buy the invader off with lands, titles, and tribute, plays 23 Bg2. Kasimirov laughs in his face: 23... Q-N6ch. What can Lemberg do? Not K-Q1; the Russian would simply tighten the screws. K-Q2 can only delay the inevitable. K-Q3 is even worse. K-Q4 at this stage would be a joke. White is staring into the abyss. Facing capture, trial, and certain execution, he falls on his sword. The wise will heed his last words: "Nc4 without a solid pawn phalanx was meaningless. My life has been a waste..."

THE ENGLISH OPENING is another old warhorse, but Brazil's grand master Oscar Niemeyer taught it some new tricks

in this game against Laszlo Nagy of Hungary at the Düsseldorf Tournament last April. Nagy learned a lesson as well. It began with the usual 1 e4 e5 2 Nf3, Nc6 3 Bc4 Bc5 4 c3 Nf6 5 d4 d4. But after 6 d4, instead of unpinning his king knight, Black plays Bg4.

What has happened is painfully obvious. An opportunity has presented itself to pick off a pawn and go after the queen, and Nagy cannot resist. He prefers to go chasing after the first bit of fluff that happens by than do the slow, patient work of pawn development. He picks up a piece or two, naturally. Without knowing it, however, he picks up something else. His suffering is about to begin (Diagram 2).

The game continues 7 ef Nd4 8 Qd4 Bf3. Black takes the pawn, plus a knight. Let him enjoy his loot; White will lend him the rope to hang himself. Sure enough, his noose begins to form with 11... Ncd6. White draws it tighter with 14 Re1ch. Tighter still with 15 Qrs 16 Tuv 17 Wxyz. Really quite uncomfortable with 18 Lbo.

But White isn't celebrating yet. He knows Black still has reserves. And now they come out: 15 Bh6ch, Kf1 16 Re5. White is ready: 17 B52 B2; 18 F-14 mach2—a full-scale aerial assault. The smell of checkmate and napalm fills the

air. Black cowers behind his remaining pawns. White continues to bomb and strafe: 22 X-15 Mig 23 82nd Airb. Nagy no longer returns fire. His rooks are ablaze; his king and knights must flee. But where? Burned-out rooks and jeeps block his exit. The day of reckoning is upon him.

Still he does not surrender. Maybe Niemeyer's onslaught is spent, he thinks; maybe reinforcements will arrive; maybe... maybe... Black is dreaming. He is rudely awakened as the first wave of White pawns crashes through.

The photographs that come out next day tell the whole story. Black still has all his pieces; White has none. It made no difference. Black violated the first commandment of chess: Position before material; ignore pawn development at your peril.

THE OLD RULE WAS, NEVER give ground in the center. But in the last decade, a new opening stratagem has emerged: lure the opponent into the center (using cheap, replaceable plastic pawns as bait), reduce him slowly with long-range artillery, and only then move in and occupy the blood-soaked and still-burning terrain. No prettier demonstration can be

found than the one Eduardo Horowitz of Argentina gave U.S. grand master Floyd "Flash" Gordon in last month's Malaysian Open.

It begins 1 Nf3. This move is noncommittal; it merely signals White's willingness to play and his basic knowledge of the rules. 1... d5 is followed by 2 c4—a direct, premeditated attack against Black's favorite pawn. Gordon's seconds wake him up and alert him. He plays 2... d4 to establish a bridgehead in enemy territory. But there is danger: if Black can successfully maintain the advanced pawn, White will be beaten and forever humiliated. If, however, the bridgehead can be battered down, White will once again be free to live and work and travel where he chooses (Diagram 3).

Black has usurped the center—by 8 d3 c3, Black's burrito-shaped pawn formation is secure. And, with White out making telephone calls, switching a few extra pieces around is but the work of a moment.

Horowitz returns and plays 9 Nh3—a first step toward liquidating the pawn array. Then 9... Qd7 10 Kh2 g5 11 Nc2 h5 12 Ng1 Nge7 13 Bd2 Ng6. It all appears slow, leisurely. Don't be fooled. In Madrid in 1986, Horowitz lulled Kassabian to sleep, then cleaned

him out. None of the pieces have ever been recovered. Now he springs into action. 14 a3 disarms a knight. 15 Ng4 defrocks a bishop. 16 Nh3 enslaves a pawn and 17f4 spreads misery and deprivation everywhere. Then comes 18 f3 h3 19 Rhg1 0-0-0. Oh-oh indeed: White's g7 pawn is a step away from becoming a queen: certain checkmate. Gordon proves he can think under pressure. He captures the ponce by feigning an elaborate mating ritual, 20 BMW Vip 21 SM B&D 22 K-Y E.

Horowitz has other ideas. Under cover of night, he moves to the front with his horowitzes and howitzers. At 0730 he opens fire. The battle rages: 22 Rrrp Rap 23 Fft Pok 24 Grr Ssh 25 Bng Bng 26 Thd Waq 27 Pop Zng Wzzz...

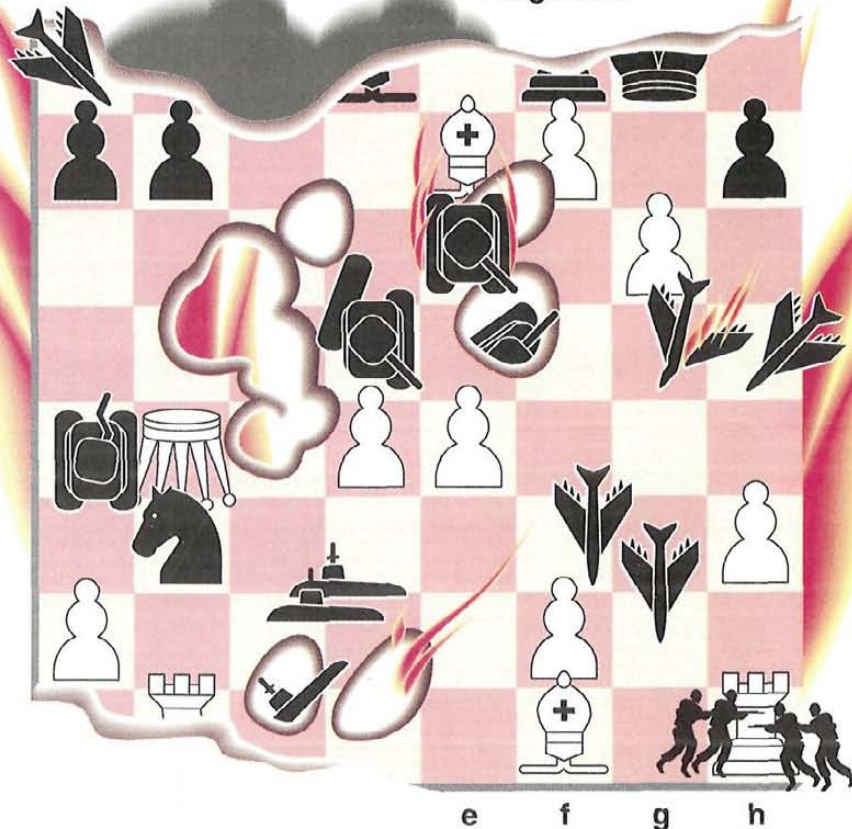
Both sides dig in for what looks to be a long season of trench warfare. The center of the board has become impassable, a forbidding no man's land in which any piece that moves is cut down instantly. As the siege wears on, a strange bond forms between the remaining pieces. The original causes of the tournament now seem meaningless, if they are remembered at all. Who started it? Which side is right? Here there are only alienated warriors, cut off from their familiar routines, torn from their families, their towns and

villages—and taught, not to farm, or to build, or to paint or cook or write screenplays, but to hate and to kill. Is it surprising that they should come to feel that they alone understand each other? That they should share food, exchange jokes, and, come Christmas, sing together across the ribbon of death that cuts a cruel and unnatural divide between those whose wood is of different colors but who suffer and die alike? Not surprising at all.

When the smoke clears, there appears a scene of horror, carnage, butchery, slaughter, massacre, immolation, and decimation. Older players have compared it to Normandy in June '44 and Fischer-Spassky in '72. Black's king and bishop stand alone, against a vast White array of land, sea, and air materiel that continues to flow from the factories to the front like an endless river of steel. Rooks and refugees clog the roads, turning orderly retreat into chaos. The following day, Black signs the surrender.

Remember: 1 Nf3 can also lead to 1... e3 or 1... c5, in which case White may choose to switch to the French or Sicilian Defense. Indeed, for players not comfortable with 2c4 or its inevitable result—unspeakable cruelty and bloodshed—these are the better choices. ■

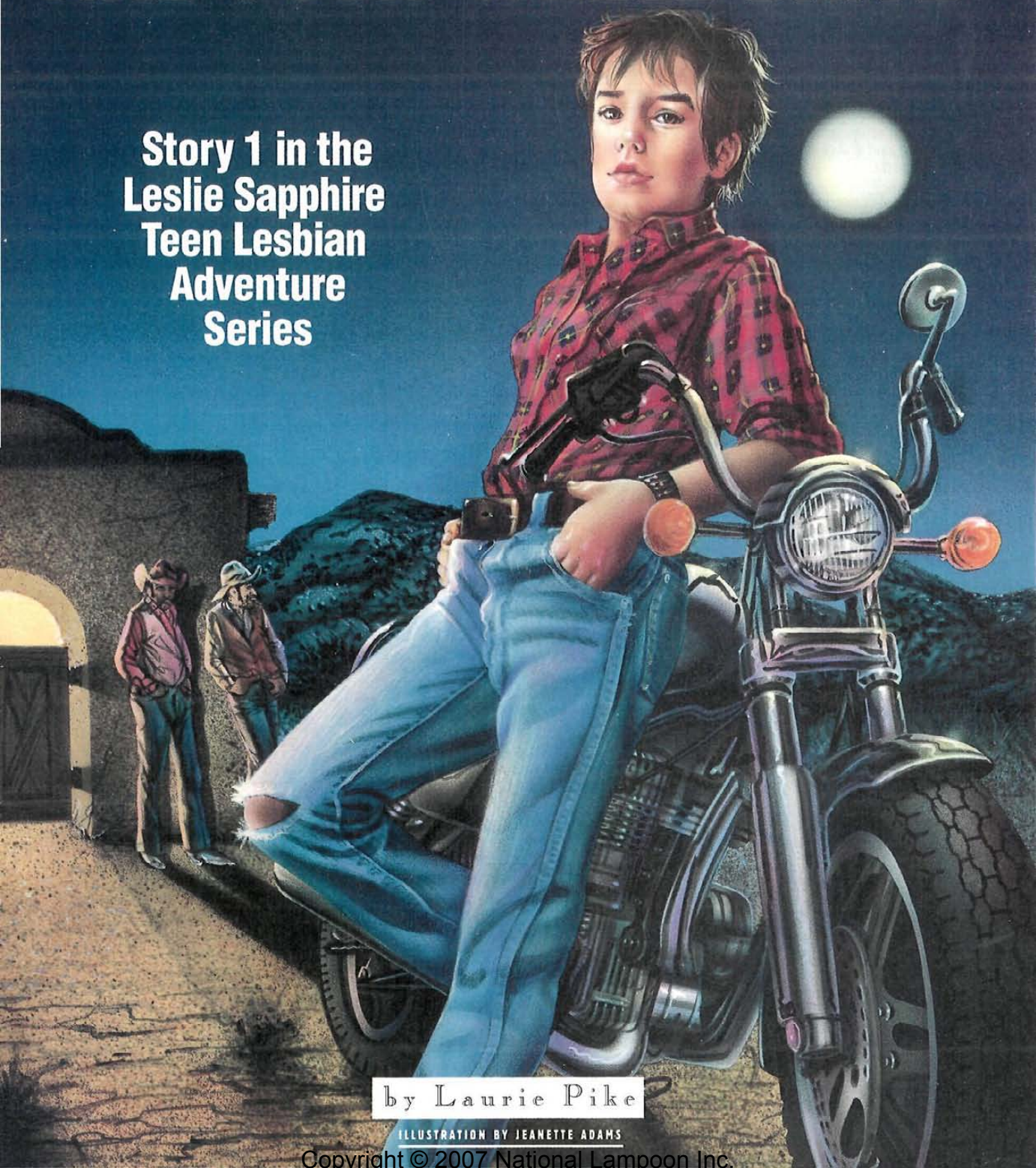
Diagram 3.



ILLUSTRATED BY ELIOT BERGMAN

FLANNEL SHIRTS AND FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE

Story 1 in the
Leslie Sapphire
Teen Lesbian
Adventure
Series



by Laurie Pike

ILLUSTRATION BY JEANETTE ADAMS

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“GYM TEACHER’S PET! GYM TEACHER’S PET!”

taunted the cheerleaders, running down the hall of Cambridge High.

“Yeah?” Leslie Sapphire called after them. “Better blatant than latent!” But the sound of her voice was lost amid the giggles and swishing of pompoms.

Stupid heteros, Leslie thought, taping a Martina Navratilova pinup to her locker door. When would they learn that screaming and gyrating in short pleated skirts for the voyeuristic pleasure of inferior-sex adolescents was a misogynistic trap cloaked in a cultural tradition? Yet, truth be told, it did look like fun. Especially when one expertly grabbed the waist of another and hoisted her high in the air. But Leslie hadn’t made cuts the week before. And it wasn’t because she couldn’t do the splits, either. Someone had snitched to the coach about her behavior during group showers after tryouts. It was enough to make Leslie want to liberate a locker door with her Doc Martens. But no. Random vandalism would only further jeopardize her eligibility for team sports. And gymnastics tryouts were next week.

Leslie caught a glimpse of herself in the right rearview mirror. Her Brunette pixie haircut was as sprightly as her crystal-blue eyes, her skin as fair and clear as her spirit, and her lips impossibly full, as if barely able to contain all the passion welled up inside her. Some of that passion would spill out during long detention periods with the phys ed teacher, Jean (Ms. Bruger to everyone else). But Leslie didn’t understand why she couldn’t catch the eye of a younger girl—varsity, reserve, whatever.

“Fuck ‘em all,” she said.

“Fuck who all, darling?” asked Artemis Sapphire, negotiating a sharp turn in her Jeep. And then, answering her own question, “Thinking about Cambridge again?”

Leslie shook off the reverie.

“Yeah. Oh, Mom...”

“Testify, my love,” her mother said, her voice dripping with nurturance, her swarthy hand patting Les-

lie’s leg. But Leslie couldn’t find the words to describe the nebulous woe that tugged at her soul. How could her mother relate? Artemis was as comfortable in her eccentricity as she was in her sheepskin Jeep seat. As wild and natural as her free-flowing waist-length gray hair. A separatist yuppie New Age priestess. Leslie was none of these.



“Better blatant than latent!” she called. But the sound of her voice was lost amid the giggles and swishing of pompoms.

With a gay mother who encouraged her to explore everything from sexuality to illegal substances, Leslie was lost. She envied the torturous rebellion and exciting rites of passage of her classmates. But she couldn’t experience the same thrill of smoking a cigarette (Artemis would light them for her) or the joy of a fake I.D. (gay bars welcomed chickens).

Well, just like cheerleading and gymnastics and Jean, that was all in the past, and Leslie was so mixed-up right now, she didn’t know if she was going to miss it or not. She and her mother were on their way to Berkeley, where Artemis would assume the

post of high priestess in the house of goddess worship on a wimmin-only farm commune.

Artemis popped a Holly Near tape into the stereo and wound the Jeep around the mountainous New Mexico desert, while Leslie looked on the bright side by fantasizing about possible induction-ceremony scenarios (“... We’re holding a cunninglingus contest, and as our newest community member, you are to be the judge. ...”). A warm wet sensation flooded her mound of Venus. She crossed her legs and squeezed her thighs together to the beat. The voluptuous curves of the undulating road matched a delicious image in her mind (... a flame-haired harlot on a Harley pulls up for last-minute entry just as the contest is about to begin...). Ooh! Leslie’s eyes popped open when the Jeep hit some sizable roadkill. She quickly glanced down at her sticky lap.

“Shit! Help! I’m bleeding!” she screamed. Jolted by the outburst, Artemis briefly lost and then regained control of the vehicle.

“Oh, Leslie, my sweet! The first blood of my own blood! Let’s find a place to commune with the menstrual goddess,” she said breathlessly, turning her proud expression from the road to Leslie’s face to Leslie’s lap.

Leslie knew it was one of the most religious moments of her adolescence, but she regretted losing the sexual figment.

“Out here, Mom? *The Lesbian Herstory Handbook* doesn’t list any shrines in this entire state!”

Artemis piously ignored Leslie’s angry tone of voice. She pulled into one of those indigenous rest stops with tepee-like shelters. In the bathroom they fed all their change into the Tampax machine. “Leslie, we’ve got to bless!” A Native American mother, changing her baby in the sink, cast a curious eye in their direction.

Both beatific and commanding, Artemis instructed, “Come with me.” Since her mother held all the rags, Leslie had no choice but to fol-

low her out of the rest room and a few hundred feet into the cactus desert.

"Mom, people can see us."

"Don't be self-conscious. Pull down your pants."

"Mom! No way!"

"Leslie... all right, draw some blood with your pants on if you must."

Leslie moved strategically behind a giant saguaro cactus. She wiped holy juice on her mother's hands and rushed through a few goddess praises. But she had to draw the line when her mother wanted to make her taste it and paint her face with it. While Artemis went on in tongues, Leslie looked around from behind the cactus, feeling like a circus act. Everyone's mom made her fulfill tedious religious obligations, but Leslie didn't share the luxury of being able to complain about it to anyone.

Cleaned up and back in the car, Leslie felt the heaviness of adulthood settle on her shoulders, and not just because she had started her period. From now on there would be no more boys; they were all guilty of perpetuating the oppressive patriarchy. No more old-school dykes like Jean who made courtship so easy with comfy butch/femme roles. And cheerleading, forget it. She wouldn't be permitted to mention it, much less practice. In fact, this farm matriarchy sounded like boot camp compared to Cambridge.

Leslie picked up the state map, with their Route 82 course highlighted in yellow. Trying to sound less pissed-off, she advised Artemis that they were near Hope, a town with a separatist bookstore.

A parking lot crammed with eighteen-wheelers on the horizon indicated their destination. Artemis pulled the Jeep into the last spot in the lot, relishing the familiar smell of diesel fumes.

"We are everywhere," she sighed. The bookstore was actually just a nook of an electricienne's trailer home, but it was heaven to Artemis, who craved spiritual gatherings the way Leslie craved gym class.

Flannel shirts abounded as fellow dykes arrived for a poetry reading, carrying potluck dishes. A whiff of Shake 'n Bake chicken aroused Leslie's hunger, but a deeper appetite stirred within her as well. Hesitating on the threshold of the Airstream, Leslie looked behind her shoulder at a brilliant pink-orange sunset.

"Mom, can I take a walk and stretch my legs before going in?"

"All right, child. Don't go far."

Leslie turned and walked slowly down a farm-to-market road, her mother's last words ringing eerily in her mind.



Most of the guys eyed her like a steak dinner. "Clear the pool table!" shouted the bartender.

The full rising moon swathed the desert in bloom with a gentle luminescence, its blue-gray light pregnant with promise and mystery. After walking for a good half-hour, Leslie discerned some human activity on the otherwise desolate landscape.

It was a general store; a few pickups were corralled around its porch, and a handful of guys in dirty jeans and cowboy hats were hanging out.

"Howdy," Leslie said. They mumbled "Ma'am"s. Leslie hesitantly took a short stool on the porch.

One guy lifted his Wrangler boot-cut jeans to scratch a big telltale burn.

"You get that riding a hog?" Leslie asked.

"Why, yes," said the guy, his sandy mustache spreading into a smile. "As a matter of fact I did."

Leslie figured what the hell, and hopped off the porch to grab some aloe growing nearby. She ripped off a few stalks and brought them back, handing them to the guy.

"This is the best thing for them.

I should know," she said, and lifted the right leg of her loose cotton pants to show the scar she had earned riding with the Dykes on Bikes.

"Well, I'm much obliged, that's awful kind of you, ma'am." He tipped his hat, as did the other four guys.

"Don't call me ma'am," Leslie said, blushing. "I'm only... seventeen," she lied. There were some raised eyebrows and then smiles as the cowboys warmed up and started teasingly testing her motorcycle knowledge. Leslie expertly handled their trivia questions, jabbering her throat dry.

"So, what else do you do for fun around here?" she asked. And before she heard an answer, she was whisked up and deposited between two long-legged cowboys in the cab of a red pickup. Brenda Lee was on the radio. The driver pulled out and followed the truck containing the other porch guys. The guy to her right put his jean jacket around her shoulders, warning her about nighttime desert chills.

"You never know what's in store after the sun sets in these parts," he said cryptically, handing her a fifth of Southern Comfort. She downed a fiery gulp, and wondered why her mother hated men so much. They weren't so bad.

They bumped along into Alamo-gordo, a town big enough for neon and fast-food chains. "Spurs! Spurs!" grunted the cowboys in unison. As Leslie expected, it was the name of a bar they were headed for, a corrugated-steel box with lots of farm vehicles parked in the lot.

"You guys, I forgot my I.D.," Leslie warned them when they walked in. They laughed, and the driver guy picked her up on his shoulders. Ducking the ceiling fan that was catching her hair, Leslie saw the faces of a hundred burly men whip in her direction, and the women... well, there were no women. The bar fell silent but for Patsy Cline ominously wailing on the jukebox. Some of the men's expressions grew shamed, even scared. Most of the guys, however, eyed her like a steak dinner.

"Clear the pool table!" shouted the bartender. Gripped by horror, Leslie lost control of her body and crumpled to the floor, unable to stand on her legs after she was plucked down from the evil cowboy's shoulders.

"Whoa, missy," said the guy helping her to her feet—the same guy who had minutes earlier offered her the Southern Comfort. "You all right?"

A pitiful little laugh reverberated through Leslie's feeble bones and percolated up through her clammy skin to her colorless lips, which now opened into a slow, sly smile.

"Yeah, I'm all right," she said, her mind drunkenly grasping for a memory from a Women Against Violence Against Women by Men Who Hate Them ovular (ovulars are seminars, with the male part of the word altered). In a flash, the thought sprouted into an idea. It was a long shot, but it just might work.

"Hey, hey, one at a time," Leslie giggled, as hairy hands started grabbing for her. She whispered into the ear of the guy who had hoisted her, "Listen, at least let me freshen up. You know, it's a girl thing." He tipped his cowboy hat and held his hands up to let the guys know they'd have to hold off for a minute.

This being the West, they were polite enough to allow her privacy in the bathroom. Immediately, she went to work on a tiny window above one of the stalls. "We aim to keep this place clean, so please aim," read the graffiti just under it. Leslie repeated this to try to keep calm while her fingernails peeled off the paint that was making the window stick.

"Hey, you don't have to put on any makeup for us!" called a voice from behind the locked plywood door. "We like it natural!" Laughter, and then pounding. The door was bending in at the top and bottom.

"Com-ing," Leslie sang out, trying to hide the quiver in her voice. Another pound brought a loud crack, and Leslie saw a hand burst clear through the door near the knob. A surge of adrenaline coursed through Leslie's body, miraculously endowing her with strength, and suddenly the window flew off its hinges. Leslie dove through headfirst and rolled into a somersault on the gravel parking lot.

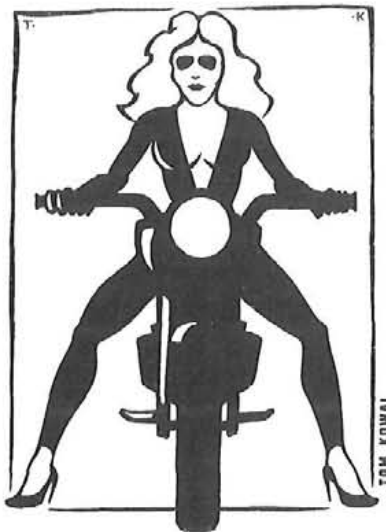
By the time the horny cowboys busted in the bathroom door and searched the stalls, Leslie was halfway across town, sailing on her lanky legs past gas stations and beauty shops. Now she was glad for the track-and-field intramurals she'd opted for last year. She stopped at a pay phone outside a McDonald's, her gasping breath fogging up the

windows of the booth. The kiddie playground next to her was dramatically lit by fluorescent beams like some evil set in a student film. Rather than attempting to call her mother at the bookstore, Leslie dialed O, thereupon breaking a promise to herself.

At first she thought she'd given the wrong number, because a squeaky teenybopper voice answered instead of the barreling honk she was accustomed to. "Collect call for Jean from Leslie," said the operator.

"Hold on."

Leslie trembled and squinted her eyes to see what time it was on the clock inside the restaurant. Eleven.



Leslie wrapped her arms around twenty-four inches of perfect. Was this real?

That meant it was one A.M. in Cambridge. She heard muffled conversation in the receiver.

"She's coming, hold on," the girl repeated into the phone. But Leslie decided to do the opposite—and let go. Totally.

"Leslie?" Jean's voice was peremptory, not at all like the one that had whispered tenderly in her ear so many times before. Leslie said nothing, concentrating on a lone tumbleweed making its way across the prairie. She hoped the sound of her tears falling on the handset wouldn't be audible.

"Hello? Is this some kind of a joke?"

Hardly, Leslie thought deliriously.

If only it were. She slowly hung up.

What more, she thought, weeping silently by the telephone, her feelings not just hurt, but broken beyond repair. How could she possibly sink lower?

And then her tampon started leaking. Completely passive, Leslie felt the trickle carry out any anger and desperation left in her. An epiphany had occurred, and now she felt strangely at peace, almost completely effaced. With nonchalance, Leslie examined the gravel cuts on her hands, licking a lone trickle of blood down her forearm. Now she felt initiated. Into what, she didn't know. She slipped out of the booth with an angelic serenity.

Leslie wafted out to the middle of the farm-to-market road, where no traffic crept. Slowly, a strange whirring gained momentum inside her body and spun out through every muscle of her system in a confused energy. She started walking faster, then skipping, faster and faster, and then ascended into cheerleading jumps. Now she was giddy and dizzy. Weak yet superhuman. If she jumped high enough into the air with an arabesque that was perfectly coordinated, maybe the goddess would just come down and pluck her up to the heavens.

And then it happened. A bright white light flooded all her senses inside and out. She gladly directed her eyes into the epicenter of the supernova. She heard a far-off song by her fave girl group, the Shangri-Las. Weightless, she sensed only a vague sweet sensation. Finally the light seemed to fuse with her being and soul. Leslie let out a sigh of contentment, and all her tensions and thoughts left her.

"Need a ride?"

It was her! One hundred pounds of sculptural woman zipped up in black leather.

"You'll get killed standing here in the middle of the road. Hop on," came the deep voice with a hint of sultriness from behind the shiny white helmet. Leslie straddled the 750 and gingerly wrapped her arms around twenty-four inches of perfect. Was this real? Leslie didn't know and didn't care. If it was heaven, it was even better than she imagined. The breeze moved long red strands of the mystery girl's hair to tickle Leslie's face and neck. And into the dusty horizon they rode, with nothing but stars for company. ■

STARS WHO STALK

by Daniel O'Keefe

A man is standing in Agnes Gottner's front yard, smiling.

He is tall, sandy-haired, and reasonably good-looking. He has been standing there for over three hours.

When Agnes Gottner returned to her hacienda-style home after work, she saw the man standing at her mailbox, calmly ripping open her mail and reading it. He noticed her, and slowly shoved the entire pile of mail down the front of his pants. His eyes crinkled up at the corners, and he began to smile. "Heeeeeeeey," he said, smiling at her.

Agnes Gottner screamed, ran into her house, and locked the door. The man walked around the outside of the house, trying all the windows, smiling the whole time. Finally, he walked up to the large stained-glass window in the front. He waved through the colored glass to Agnes, who was crouching on the floor, too terrified to move or call police. Moving closer, he pressed his face against the window, mashing it into a horrible grimace. The man giggled. Ed McMahon's face on a sweepstakes envelope was just visible over the top of his trousers.

Agnes Gottner moaned.

Now he stands a foot from the window, still staring at the terrorized woman. He has not stopped smiling once. Paralyzed with fear, crouching like a beast at bay on her own kitchen floor, Agnes Gottner wonders, when will this nightmare end? Who is this madman? Why has he chosen me? And why, in God's name, does he smile like one possessed? WILL HE NEVER STOP THAT TERRIBLE SMILING?

When the police finally arrive, acting on a neighbor's tip, they find the man squatting in the garden, yanking up huge handfuls of grass, weeds, and flowers indiscriminately. As he does so, he adds the handfuls to an enormous bunch he has accumulated among the envelopes in the front of his pants. The man continues to smile as he is led away, and tells arresting officers, "They were for her. It's all been for her."

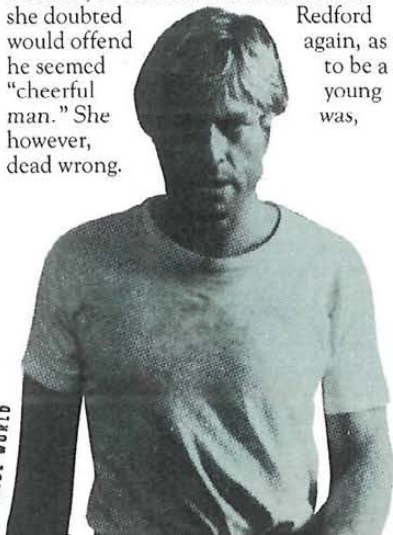
That man was film star Robert Redford.

The case of Agnes Gottner is by no

means an isolated one. There are currently over three hundred cases of fan harassment by celebrities pending in Los Angeles County Court alone. The number of celebrities incarcerated at any one time has climbed so high that L.A. County has been forced to build a special "celebrity tank" for such offenders. (This special facility is also necessary because of the animosity felt toward these criminals by the general prison population. In the slammer, the status of the fan harasser is just below that of the child molester.) A twenty-foot by twenty-foot concrete game room has been converted for this purpose, and Ping-Pong tables converted into cots. But even this generous space has proven insufficient as the number of these harassment cases continues to increase. The Centers for Disease Control (CDC) reports that, in the last six months alone, the total number has doubled. This report has alarmed many, and not merely because the CDC is a medical and not a law-enforcement organization.

In the case of Agnes Gottner, charges against Redford were dropped when Gottner refused to give a statement to police. She also refused to be interviewed by the press at this point. Robert Redford walked away, a free man. Judge Wilma Mrczek issued him a warning against further harassment of Gottner, but added for the record that she doubted would offend he seemed "cheerful man." She however, dead wrong.

Redford again, as to be a young was,



Less than three hours after his release, Redford renewed his strange persecution of Gottner. He followed her home from work and parked in front of her house with a pair of high-powered binoculars, watching her every move. He lived in his car for a week while spying on her—"like an animal," police said. When Redford was arrested a second time, the police discovered a loaded flare gun in his pants pocket. "God only knows what he might've done," said Gottner.

Agnes Gottner is free to go where she will, to try to pick up the pieces of her shattered existence. Robert Redford is not free, being in jail. He will be incarcerated for the next three and a half years, though some would like to see him transferred to a mental hospital where he could receive therapy.

Others, however, believe the actor should be shown no such leniency. Still others have no interest in the case at all. But for Agnes Gottner, all that matters is that her life has been destroyed. Some scars never heal, and so Gottner and her three cats are packing up and leaving her beloved Tulsa. "I just felt so ashamed, like it was my fault. I kept asking myself, do I know this person, have I offended him in some way? The worst part was when I finally recognized him—he looks so different in real life, kind of like a blond Michael Dukakis, you know. I felt so incredibly violated, because I'd always been such a big fan of his. The first date I went on with my husband, God rest his soul, was to see *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. And I saw *Brubaker* the day of his funeral."

Sadly, attitudes in Gottner's own community may have contributed to her decision to leave. An editorial in a Tulsa daily suggested that she was to blame for the attacks, that she was asking for it by living such a quiet, anonymous life. It also suggested that Redford couldn't help himself, that he was only "doing what comes naturally" for a celebrity.

Judging by the numbers, it certainly does come naturally. Even with the new holding facility, L.A. County jail usu-

ally has more celebrity inmates that can be accommodated easily—though this is in part because felonious stars released on bail almost invariably

CSP—Celebrity Stress Psychosis, and though it manifests itself in a variety of aberrant behaviors, the most pernicious is “Redford syndrome”—stars stalking fans.

there staring throughout our entire holiday meal.”

Not all victims of CSP are viewed as sympathetically as McCarthy. Mary Tyler Moore was herself initially an object of fear and resentment when she fixated on newlyweds Martha and Louis Grimes of Dubuque, Iowa. The couple was terrified one night to find Moore inside their house, going through their kitchen garbage. But, led away by police, the actress shyly told the Grimeses that she had invaded the garbage “to see if you had thrown anything valuable away, by accident, that you might want.” Charges were dropped. So the Grimeses were surprised one morning to discover Moore lurking in their bedroom with an enormous kitchen knife, her obsession obviously turned mean. Fortunately for the couple, Moore had merely taken advantage of a knife sale at a local Woolworth’s to buy Martha Grimes a birthday present. Said Martha, “You know, when I woke up and saw her standing over me with a knife, I totally forgot it was my birthday.”

Experts, including Dr. Wiesenheim, now believe the obsession was triggered by the Grimeses’ repeatedly confusing her with Marlo Thomas and never seeing the movie *Ordinary People*, despite its favorable reviews. Martha and Louis, however, still do not intend to press charges. “To tell the truth, we’re kind of flattered,” said Louis. “That’s the biggest compliment you can get—that a real star thinks we’re important enough to break into our house. Hell, she can obsess about us all she wants! Anytime she pleases, she can come over and fuss at us a little, and the little lady’ll cook us all up some meat loaf or something. Yes sir, she’s always welcome.”

From her minimum-security mental-health facility, Moore explains herself, and perhaps all stars like her. “I just wanted to be their friend,” she says sadly, playing with one of the large stuffed animals that line the walls. “I didn’t mean them any harm. But when you live your life so totally out of the public eye, in complete privacy, it’s natural that people are going to be curious.” ■

“I’ve worked with celebrities for nearly thirty-five years, and believe me, this CSP is nothing new. Van Johnson back in the fifties was fixated on a housewife in Jacksonville, Florida, and Janet Leigh became obsessed with a minor-league baseball player from Minneapolis. Ralph Macchio, though, was obsessed by an idea: he was convinced that he was annoying, untalented, and should be shot. Actually, I convinced him of that, and I think I did the right thing.

“Of course, the ‘Redford syndrome’ is far more common nowadays than it used to be, what with the expansion of the television and movie industries. But there certainly were some pretty frightening cases as far back as the mid-fifties. Few people know this, but Jimmy Durante’s trademark sign-off, ‘Good night, Mrs. Calabash,’ was no good-natured non sequitur, but a direct threat to his neighbor, widow Winifred Calabash, whom he would terrorize every night after his show, breaking into her house and flushing her toilet over and over until the break of dawn, preventing her from getting any rest at all. Mrs. Calabash eventually died of a rare nervous disorder known to be caused by prolonged sleep deprivation. Her brain is in a jar at Princeton.”

Dr. Wiesenheim pauses a moment, and his eyes grow misty. “Working with stars as long as I have, you begin to sympathize with them to a degree. And sometimes—well, with me it’s personal. Last November as I celebrated Thanksgiving with my family, I happened to look out the window, at a glorious sunset of reds and purples. It was beautiful, I was with my loved ones, and for a minute all seemed right with the world. Then I noticed Andrew McCarthy crouched in the fork of a dead crab-apple tree nearby. He scuttled down from the little tree, where he’d been making his Thanksgiving dinner on leaves and mummified crab apples, and came right up to our bay window. In his eyes was the saddest look I’ve ever seen in my life. I motioned for him to come in and join us for some turkey, but he just shook his head sadly. He stood

return to harass their victims again, making judges unwilling to grant them bail. They return to their victims, “like dogs to their vomit,” according to L.A. Police Commissioner Andrew Sullivan. “Only these so-called celebrities are worse than dogs. The dog is man’s best friend. The celebrity is not.”

Not surprisingly, a tremendous amount of fear and ignorance exists concerning these crimes by celebrities. Many victims are too frightened to go to the police, and underreporting of such incidents is widely acknowledged. So it is no mystery that the cases frequently never go to trial. What is a mystery is the causal factors involved in such crimes. What makes a famous, wealthy person become obsessed with a nobody? One man thinks he has an answer. It may not be the right answer, but it’s something.

AP / WIDE WORLD



Psychiatrist Herman Wiesenheim, M.D., longtime specialist in treating the mental-health problems of celebrities, gives the following explanation: “Celebrities are more subject to stress than people in any other profession. It is popularly thought that the profession with the highest suicide rate is dentistry. That is incorrect. It is stardom. They say it is monumentally depressing to spend all day with your hands in other people’s mouths. I’m sure it is. Though I really wouldn’t know, since I don’t do that. Nonetheless it is far more depressing to spend your day being pestered for autographs, and seeing insane slander about yourself written up in the tabloids. It leads to a sense of dislocation, of estrangement from one’s own identity, in many cases some type of dissociative disorder. This is very common among celebrities, many of whom have few or no friends to help reinforce their identities, because they are unpleasant. This can and frequently does lead to a recurring psychosis that can take one of several forms. I call it

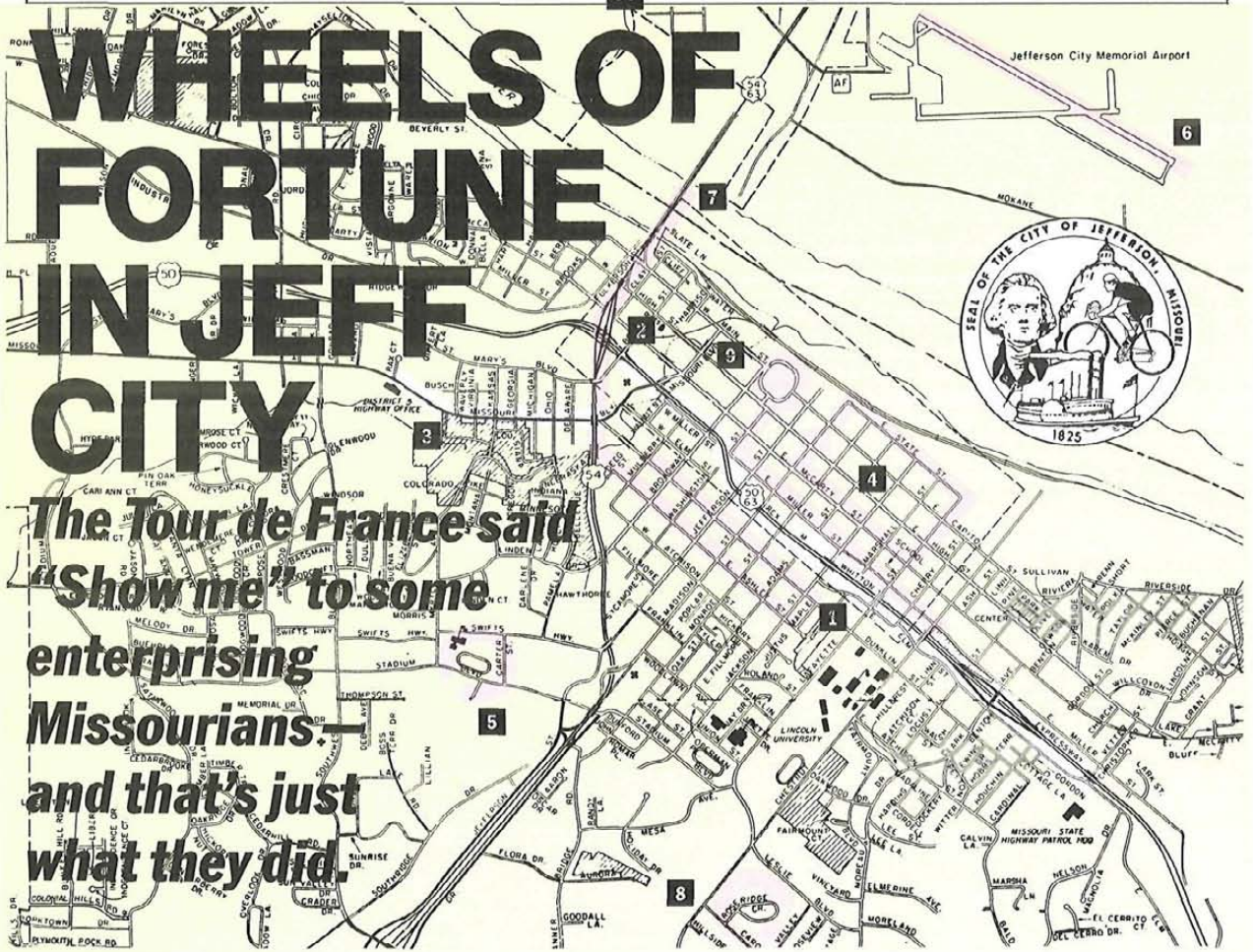


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WHEELS OF FORTUNE IN JEFF CITY

The Tour de France said
 "Show me" to some enterprising Missourians—and that's just what they did.



MAP COURTESY JEFFERSON CITY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



MICHAEL CHAN

In high gear: Nakamoto and the Schwinn that started it all.

by Andrew Erdman

Bobby Nakamoto's spacious, well-appointed office overlooks Crawford Boulevard from five stories up in the Maytag Building in downtown St. Louis. Nakamoto—young, trim, Perry Ellis-clad—motions me over to a new chocolate-colored leather sofa, which looks strangely incongruous in this otherwise unadorned Midwestern office building that Nakamoto and a handful of other tenants call home. The couch isn't the only incongruity, though. An angular, futuristic phone, into which the thirty-two-year-old Japanese-American squawks a disquieting mixture of threats and cajolery, sits atop an otherwise standard-issue Steelcase desk; a Warhol print hangs on a dull-red wall, which is in dire need of replastering; and a sleek, black Kovacs desk lamp sheds a cool glow over the tangle of papers on Bobby's desk.

As if he has forgotten there is someone waiting, Nakamoto continues hissing into the phone, not even bothering to notice if I have taken a seat. But if this adolescent-looking consultant acts powerful beyond his years, it just may be because he deserves to. After all, he has just pulled off what is arguably the greatest feat in the history of the promotion

business: Bobby Nakamoto, founder and chairman of Nakamoto Promotions, Inc., has convinced the French authorities in charge of the Tour de France to hold the 1991 running of the world's greatest bicycle race entirely within the limits of Jefferson City, Missouri.

"Spoils of war," quips Nakamoto, finally hanging up and noticing me gazing at the Warhol. "I used to have an old copy of a Gilbert Stuart up there, and a standard Bell rotary here," he says, indicating the phone. "But, hey, you don't keep the same old two-tone paint job when you finally enter the Indy 500, now do you?"

Perhaps the reference to auto, rather than bicycle, racing is misplaced here. But the point is well-taken. Though just last year he was busy promoting monster-truck rallies and the Little League World Series, Nakamoto is now very much in the big leagues. And as he switches from talk of his new office accoutrements to the details of how he brought the Tour to Jefferson City, I soon find myself not only convinced that this brash youth was capable of luring France's single most cherished sporting event—one that has taken place largely on Gallic soil each summer for the last seventy-seven years—away from its home to a sleepy Midwestern state capital in the U.S., I am actually surprised that I should

BICYCLE COURTESY SUSAN P. NEISEL, DECORATIVE ARTS GALLERY, 133 PRINCE ST., NYC

ever have doubted it. For as Nakamoto speaks, his voice a slightly nasal but commanding mix of St. Louis drawl strewn with distant suggestions of his native Osaka, he aggressively agitates a small paperweight that scatters snow on a miniature landscape when shaken (a gift, beams Nakamoto, from Missouri lieutenant governor Floyd Aldrich), as if to say, "The weather? Yes! This too is in my control! Snow in May? Done!"

Has he received many complaints from cycling enthusiasts, I ask, about the Tour's new location? Not many, I am told, for despite the radical change in locale, Nakamoto and the other Tour planners believe they have maintained the integrity of the celebrated cycling olympiad.

That appears the case—at least on the surface. The Tour's traditional planners, the International Cycling Union, working in concert with the Jefferson City Chamber of Commerce, have engineered the "Tour de Jeff City" so that each of the Tour's twenty-one separate stages will indeed be maintained and run between July 1 and July 22, while never once leaving the limits of the Missouri state capital [see sidebar]. There will also be the same number of teams and participants, including such celebrated cyclists as three-time Tour champ Greg LeMond and five-time victor Bernard Hinault.

Of course, since the whole idea is to promote the commercial interests of Jefferson City in particular and Missouri in general, the state legislature, which is parlaying some \$200,000 in backing to the Tour promoters, demanded that all twenty-two cycling teams (consisting of nine participants each) switch patronage from their longstanding European sponsors to local Missouri concerns. Hence, Greg LeMond will not ride with the French Z Team as he has in the past; this year, the thirty-year-old Minnesota native will be a member of Team Cole County School Board. And the famed Team Alsace, which rode to victory in the 1982 Tour de France, will ride under the appellation Team Stuckey's. Not wanting to be left out, several Jefferson City professional groups have opted for Tour team sponsorship. The result: in 1991, the erstwhile Team Belgique will ride as Team Poplar Street Dermatology Associates. And the Team Aix-la-Chapelle, which finished the Lac de Vassivière time trial in a record 58 minutes, 12 seconds in the '86 Tour, will find its gear emblazoned with "Team Freemasons and Sanitation Workers Local 804." A slight loss of charm and mystique, some might say, but not Jefferson City councilman Webb Parker, who is also one-third owner of the Earl's Flip-A-Burger chain. "I think the Tour de France—excuse me, the Tour de Jeff City—will have a real 'down-home' appeal this year."

Parker better hope so, for his reputation and mayoral aspirations are on the line. It was, after all, he and Nakamoto who devised the Tour scheme. Parker says he first got the idea of creating an image booster for his hometown after visiting Florida's Epcot Cen-

ter, which, along with companion theme park Walt Disney World, floods the Greater Orlando area with close to five hundred million dollars in yearly revenues, as well as attracting corporate interests to the region.

Parker's initial suggestion to the city council was the construction of a similar theme park. But his proposals—"Eighth-Largestville," an indoor exhibition hall and concession arcade playing up Jefferson City's stature as Missouri's eighth-largest city; "Hart Benton Village," an outdoor amusement park manned entirely by personages from the works of noted mid-century American painter Thomas Hart Benton, several of whose famous murals adorn the state capitol; and, finally, "Early Judaica Ranch"—were defeated by a council not taken with the idea of a three-million-dollar bond issue. Down but not beaten, Parker knew he'd have to seek support elsewhere.

At the suggestion of fellow council member Gail Hozniak, he turned to several well-known promotion and publicity outfits in the region. But all he and Hozniak heard was the usual assortment of "sponsoring debates and monster-truck rallies." Then fate intervened. Parker placed a call to a small company outside St. Louis called Show-Me Promotions, Inc. He was unaware, though, that the firm had filed for Chapter 11 some six months earlier, leaving accounts with a former employee who, blessed with special genius, it was said, had struck out on his own. That genius-endowed young man was one Robert Isako Wayne Nakamoto. Step aside, Zev Bufman.

Nakamoto says he became fascinated as Parker described his plight. "I didn't really know how I could help, but I knew that it would be a challenge to make that place look exciting," he adds, eyes glinting with the mettle of an ancient samurai. So, a week later, Nakamoto came to town to feel out the possibilities. Hozniak, Parker, and Mayor Gus Agamemnon drove Nakamoto around, showing him the sights and filling his head full of "Jeff City" trivia. They showed the young promoter everything from the places where cannonballs fell during the Civil War to the football field at Abe Fortas High School, where the Fortas Argonauts had just completed their third consecutive undefeated season.

Nothing clicked. So Parker suggested that the two retire to his home to brainstorm. Things went from bad to worse: Parker's air conditioning had blown, reducing the house to a near-asphyxiating heat. But therein lay the town's salvation. The heat forced Parker to suggest his garage as the only cool place the two might get some thinking done. Setting up a pair of lawn chairs in the empty garage (Parker's wife had taken the family car—a '69 Duster—to go food shopping), the two men gained respite from the oppressive Missouri heat, sipped cold Show-Me Gold beer, and nibbled at tuna salad on wheat.

Then Nakamoto saw the bikes.

They were two outmoded Schwinn's with



THE 1991 "TOUR DE JEFF CITY": HOW WILL IT DIFFER?

Cycling enthusiasts the world over are concerned that the forthcoming Tour will be a pale shadow of the grand event that has taken place in France for over three-quarters of a century. But a glance at a sample of the 1990 legs of the Tour, compared with their "revised" 1991 counterparts, belies those worries. ■

1990 Tour de France

PROLOGUE (JUNE 30):

Individual time trial, Futuroscope (6.5 km).

1ST STAGE (JULY 1):

Futuroscope to Futuroscope (140 km).

2ND STAGE (JULY 1):

Team time trials, (46 km).

5TH STAGE (JULY 4):

Avranches to Rouen (302 km).

8TH STAGE (JULY 8):

Épinal to Besançon (183 km).

10TH STAGE (JULY 10):

Geneva to Saint-Gervais Mont Blanc (125 km).

15TH STAGE (JULY 16):

Millau to Revel (163 km).

18TH STAGE (JULY 19):

Pau to Bordeaux (200 km).

20TH STAGE (JULY 21):

Lac de Vassivière (45 km).

21ST STAGE (JULY 22):

Brétigny-sur-Orge to Paris (190 km).

1991 Tour de Jeff City

PROLOGUE (JUNE 30):

Time trial, 16 laps around the capitol (4 mi).

1 1ST STAGE (JULY 1):

Intersection of Mulberry and E. Dunklin to intersection of Jackson and E. Dunklin and back, 44 times (87 mi).

2 2ND STAGE (JULY 1):

Time trials, down Whitton Expressway from Bolivar to Missouri State Highway Patrol Head-

banana seats and tassel handlebars, but they were enough. "I had just come back from the Tour six weeks earlier," says Nakamoto, who had been there checking out PR possibilities for a potential client. "And I instantly realized that this could be Jefferson City's infusion of lifeblood."

The two immediately began fleshing out the details and devising plans. They knew that certain questions had to be answered. Could the city accommodate the million-plus crowd that could be expected come Tour time? Would investors be willing to pump money into hotels and restaurants to serve the throngs? And finally, could actor William Devane be talked into emceeing the opening-day ceremony? (Yes, it would turn out, he could be.)



PRESSE SPORTS/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Spinoff effect: international cyclists now prep for the Tour statewide at races like Tennessee's Mel Tillis Pro-Am.

Nakamoto put all else aside and began the struggle to wrest control of the "world's greatest bicycle race" from the French. He became a man obsessed. Pulling out all the stops, Bobby Nakamoto traveled to Paris and plied Tour officials, cyclists, and editors of *L'Equipe*, the French sports newspaper that has co-sponsored the Tour de France since its inception, with pâté and cabernet sauvignon at Maxim's while playing on what he perceived to be the French categorical disgust for foreigners who come to watch the Tour. Though the Frenchmen admired Nakamoto's persistence, they good-naturedly laughed off his entreaties about "moving the Tour to Jefferson City." The Tour belonged in beloved Gaul, they told him. Moving it would be tantamount to treason.

But just when hope seemed thinnest, the young genius of promotiondom came up with an inspiration: "I realized I'd have to appeal to the America nut in every Frenchman. I played up how unappreciated Jeff City was by its own people. That instantly made them eager to see it." Their eagerness grew to downright fervor when Nakamoto offered to stage an annual monster-truck rally on the outskirts of Paris in exchange for the Tour. Finally, Nakamoto fibbed that Jefferson City was, after all, Dean Martin's birthplace. Nearly convinced, the French agreed to inspect the site.

Early the following month, the power brokers of the Tour de France found themselves seated on vinyl lawn furniture, sipping icy Missouri Gold beer, and chowing on ribs and

potato salad. And loving every minute of it. Says *L'Equipe* editor Henri du Croix: "Before we left we giggled amongst ourselves that the Americans were wasting their time. The Tour was born in France and that is where it would stay, we believed. But as we sat there in [Webb Parker's] backyard, ate from the barbecue, and marveled at the almost postmodern simplicity of the place—this place that had given birth to Dean Martin, partner to the great Lewis—we began to think maybe the Tour had found a new home. And we had always wanted to see the monster trucks."

Three weeks later, Nakamoto, Parisian attorney Jean-Claude Lepec, Tour officials, and representatives of the Adolph Coors Company (whom Nakamoto had talked into co-sponsoring the stateside event) signed the contracts and documents necessary to bring the 2,100-mile bike race to Jefferson City. Confides Lepec, who in years past has served as the Tour de France's legal counsel: "I think many of us are secretly breathing a sigh of relief; the Tour was getting to be a pain in the ass and we are glad to be rid of it."

Well, rid of it they are, along with millions in Tour-related revenues (although tickets to the truck rally sold out in record time). And this coming July, after pomp, circumstance, and a few inspiring words from William Devane, the seventy-eighth Tour de France, this year casually dubbed the Tour de Jeff City, will begin with a prologue of sixteen laps around the state capitol, located at the intersection of Broadway and Main streets in downtown Jefferson City.

Long before the race ever finishes there will certainly be winners. Who? Bobby Nakamoto, for one. Not only have the events of the last year brought an onslaught of reputation-building acclaim to the young consultant (he is already being called the "Great Reviver" in promoting circles), but his fee for having pulled it all off is rumored to be a cool \$17,000. Who else will be reaping rich rewards? Undoubtedly, the hotel, restaurant, and concession owners who are expected to ring up revenues approaching two hundred million dollars by the race's end in late July.

But no matter what the outcome—whether LeMond or Hinault, Miguel Indurain or Claudio Chiappucci crosses the finish line first—it is the City of Jefferson that will wear the yellow victor's jersey. Counting recently completed TV deals with ESPN and ABC, the citizens of Jefferson City stand to wheel in an estimated quarter of a billion dollars in total combined revenues. Furthermore, the once-sleepy municipality has become the talk of *tout le monde*, and the focus of a country that, until recently, was largely unaware of its existence. There is even talk at a smattering of Fortune 500 companies of moving their HQs to Jefferson City. That suits Webb Parker just fine.

And as for Parker, well, the mayoral elections aren't until next year, when Gus Agamemnon's eligibility expires. But word has it he's a shoo-in. ■



quarters (29 mi), plus talk by Mayor Gus Agamemnon, "Cycling and Jefferson City—Perfect Together."

3 5TH STAGE (JULY 4): District 5 Highway Office to the Earl's Flip-A-Burger off Route 54 and back, 128 times (187 mi).

4 8TH STAGE (JULY 8): Devil's Quadrangle; corner of E. McCarthy and Madison, up to Madison and E. Capitol, over to Lafayette and E. Capitol, down to E. McCarthy and Lafayette, back to E. McCarthy and Madison, 112 times (114 mi).

5 10TH STAGE (JULY 10): 156 times around the track at Abe Fortas High School (78 mi); accompanying talk by Jefferson City councilman Webb Parker, "Big Business and Jefferson City—Perfect Together."

6 15TH STAGE (JULY 16): Down main runway at Jefferson City Memorial Airport and back, 100 times (101 mi).

7 18TH STAGE (JULY 19): Across Missouri River via Route 54 Bridge to Deeg Street Exit, right onto E. Ashley, down to corner of E. Ashley and Jackson Street and back, 100 times (124 mi).

8 20TH STAGE (JULY 21): Hell's Oval; 150 times around Roseridge Circle (114 mi); televised group discussion to follow local Tour telecast, "Jefferson City: The New Wall Street?"

9 21ST STAGE (JULY 22): Corner of Chestnut and E. Miller to corner of E. Miller and Washington and back, 100 times, then up Washington to state capitol (118 mi); 20 victory laps around the capitol; awards ceremony and signing of the "Golden Document" (eliminating all forms of taxation in Jefferson City) by the Honorable Gus Agamemnon, CPA.



"Cogitamus, ergo sumus"

Hmm

The Thinking Man's Newsletter

Vol. 6 No. 4

The New World Order: A Thinking Man's View

by Taylor Howell

While a more easily fooled man may casually greet the dawn of a "new world order," the thinking man's task, clearly, is to wonder what the weather will be like during its day. And, after much thought, my considered conclusion is that, while our task may be clear, the forecast is anything but.

In other words, if the challenges presented, not only to thinking men's thought, but to their actual security, by the old world order were complex (as indeed they were), then the challenges of the prospect of a new world order—containing, as they do, not only the existing challenges that remain of the old world order, but also new and as-yet unforeseen obstacles inherent in the very nature of newness—are, as can be plainly seen, much more so.

"A Spot of Tea, a Toasted Scone, and Thou"

The Thinking Man's Brunch with Jessica Lange, Actress

It was a mouthful of eggs Benedict and an eyeful of starlet as the 25 winners of the "Win a Dream Brunch with Jessica Lange" contest did just that at Manhattan's Bistro Bourgeois last Saturday.

The gorgeous bombshell dined on a salad and four cups of coffee while discussing such issues as global warming and her upcoming project—a reworked film version of "True West" to feature her and Diane Keaton—with a group that Hmm editor Taylor Howell described as "a true cross-section of today's thinking man."

Perhaps the highlight of the 45-minute repast came near the end, when Ms. Lange parried, "I've never been with so many handsome, single men who were so interested in my boyfriend."

"Know your opponent," Briscoe Fox, 35, a Waldenbooks manager from

Rochester, NY, quipped in return. Ms. Lange then accepted a moderate check for her appearance, which she intends to donate to one of her many charities, and was off into the gray afternoon. Afterward, some brunchers toured the latest exhibits at New York museums ("cruised" the museum is more like it," stated one anonymous thinking man), or attended the Knicks-Clippers game at Madison Square Garden.

In other words, a thinking man worthy of the name does not parrot the opinions of today's newspapers. Rather, he nourishes his outlook from a variety of sources (weeklies and monthlies as well as dailies) and subsequently, takes
(Please consult page 17)

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Puns and Poetstry

A Light Thought on a Weighty Matter

My passion and loathing
are great, I confess,
When the plural is formed
with apostrophe "s"!

—Daniel Abend

KEEP IN MIND

Upcoming Events of Special Interest to the Thinking Man

April 1 Big TV Marathon. Thinking Men will view network television continuously, while reading "People" magazine. Or, alternatively, they shall reflect on this day and its folkloric meaning.

April 3 Single-Malt-Scotch Tasting to be held in the It's Totally Friday Cupping Room at 1345 Catterwaul, Columbus, Ohio. Opening toast at 6:30 PM. \$15 for TM, \$25 for guests.

April 8 Symposium on "Artificial Intelligence: The Human Cost." Discussion lead by Dr. Irwin Stanley. 7:30 PM — ? at the Dueschne Academy gymnasium, 4414 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. TM \$10, guests \$15. No "hackers," please.

April 14 Potluck dinner and "delicious table talk" at the home of Garrett Wills, 169 Fremont Avenue, Knoxville, TN. Bring your favorite brain food. RSVP.

April 21 Annual Thinking Man's Text Swap. From 1-6 PM in the Hinky Dinky parking lot at 23rd and Cass in Denver. From laserprint to papyrus, all script must go. Look for the giant fountain pen balloon.

April 29 Support Group—Former Jews, Catholics, and Baptists Who Now Subscribe to an Informal Humanism. 8:00 at the First Unitarian Church basement at 13th and Amsterdam, Seattle, Wash. This month's talking point: "Hedging Our Bets: A Thinking Man's Theism."

Within:

Our Annual Survey of the 10 Best Thinking Man's Colleges—The Counterintuitive Results!

TM MUSINGS: ON PEANUTS, ON WOMEN, AND MORE...

A Thinking Man's Simple Pleasures: Dry-Roasted Peanuts

Consider the dry-roasted peanut. Or don't, rather: for who bothers with the peanut in the singular? Dry-roasted peanuts, really, are how we always think of them.

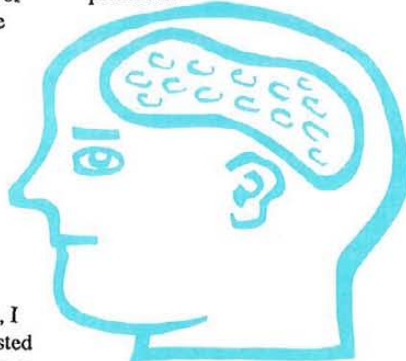
Even then, one wonders if we think of them at all. Imagine the numbers of these ovoid nuts we have eaten—the number of perfect halves that start out so salty on the tongue and then, crunched deliciously, transform themselves in a sweetness reminiscent of the peanut butter sandwiches we enjoyed in our elementary-school classrooms—without even stopping to think about the simple pleasures they have provided us. "Pleasures" is indeed the right word, I think: for, when it comes to dry-roasted peanuts, this thinking man has to count the satisfactions:

- 1) their symmetry;
- 2) the mini-peanut at the bottom that's nestled between the two halves;
- 3) the salty coating;
- 4) the aforementioned transformation into sweetness;

5) The little bits of peanut that settle in between the teeth and offer sublime gratification by being so easy to take out; and

6) The way they make you thirsty for whatever it is you are drinking.

I'm certain a more thoughtful man than I could come up with many more pleasures.



So, the next time you happen to be at your favorite oasis, or even in the front of the tube switching between ESPN and "Washington Week in Review," take a moment to consider your friends the peanuts, so pleasurable simple, so simply pleasurable.

—Meade Haverhill

Precious Nuggets

Let me be the lone voice praising your new "look." Perhaps I'm an aesthete, but I find the use of illustrations enhances, rather than detracts from, the thoughts presented herein; and further, I contend that choosing a graphic design that is easier on the eye is by no means "an intellectual cop-out." As for the undeniable argument that illustrations

occupy space that could be taken up by more TM Musings, I say, "More pages!"
—Randall Coates

Though a true thinking man is wholly without prejudice, he is often the victim of it. I speak of the common view that a thinking man is not capable of drinking, wenching, getting arrested, abandoning one's family, destroying property, etc. He should be able, as I am, to do all this, and perhaps interject a ruddy Falstaffian quotation as he does so.

—Reggie Thompson

I am thinking of a woman. But is the woman about whom I am thinking the woman I think she is, and if so, is she also the woman she thinks she is? And if indeed we are so much alike, what is to be gained from our union? But perhaps most important, what does she think of me? Women, go think.

—Brent Tunesmythe

Why do television game shows always require contestants to answer quickly? That is not thinking; it is eliciting memory. Why can't there be a quiz show in which only one question is asked, and the contestants are given the entire half hour to think about it? If there were, I know I'd buy a television to watch it.

—Arthur Fleming

Cogito, ergo sum? Is it really enough to merely think? Must our existence be based on the lowest common ruminator? If I think, "I am hungry," then
(Please consult page 15)

Thoughts

Synapse fires
Glowing Spark
In wrapping darkness flick'r'd—
I am alive.

—August Trout

Thoughts

Shackle son my mind and spirit
Pulling me inward, into, inside,
the ceaseless cycle of consider and mull...
Let me be!

Let me breathe...and act without
consideration

in spontaneous joy
without reason
with nought but rhyme.

Give me back my gut feelings,
my instincts,

my Man's intuition.
Thoughts like ivy
growing up, choking up,
the walls of my skull

—Byron Baine



Digressions

The Thinking Man's Bar

1121 West 86th Street, New York.
"Something Noteworthy Every Day"

Mon— 2 for 1 sherry shots all evening!

Tues—Women's night. Our delightful gender counterparts share drink and invigorating conversation, both free of charge.

Wed— Snooker Tournament— English rules only!

Thurs— Masters of the Universe. Bring your M.A., M.S., or M.Ph. and pay half price. But please, no M.B.A.'s.

Fri and Sat— Piano jazz with Marian McPartland student Fred Swithin.

Sun—"Masterpiece Theatre" on our 44" stereophonic television!

Sojourners Always Welcome!

Dear Mr. Koppel: Epistles to "Nightline"

When submitting correspondence with Mr. Koppel, please do not send originals!

Dear Mr. Koppel:

In a recent segment with Newt Gingrich, you described his work to rally Republicans during last fall's budget negotiations as a controversial piece of "prestidigitation." I submit to you that "legerdemain" might have been a more appropriate choice. Both words can be taken to mean sleight-of-hand. But prestidigitation means sleight-of-hand literally—that is, as a card trick, say—whereas legerdemain means it in its more figurative sense. In this case, legerdemain would refer to Gingrich's nimbleness in rallying Republicans against Darman's initial budget proposal. Prestidigitation, on the other hand, would imply that the House whip can pull coins from the ears of constituents, in which case there'd be no budget problems at all.

Yours truly,
Terence Trent D'Arby

Mr. Koppel responded: "Thank you for your letter pointing out an error I made on 'Nightline' recently. Your input is always appreciated."

Dear Mr. Koppel:

At a wine and cheese party not long

CLASSIFIEDS ET ALIA

Brier Pipe Collection! Everything must go. Would prefer that the entire set went to a single individual. TM Box 349.

Thinking Man's Erotica. Thought-provoking photos of Blair Brown ("Molly Dodd"), Mel Harris, Joyce Carol Oates, others. TM Box 103.

Beautiful Asian cribbage buffs desire to correspond with American masters. TM Box 111.

Bootleg "Nightline" Outtakes—Baker, Sununu, Darman, Aziz, and many, many more, caught along with their thoughts between commercial breaks. SASE and \$2 for catalog plus free 10 x 10 Koppel poster. TM Box 33.

"Baseball You Can Use." Stats, names, and anecdotes with just a few strokes of the keyboard. \$15.90 for IBM, Mac, CD-Rom; hardcopy \$5 more. Send check or money order to Baseball Bytes, TM Box 125.

"The Louis Rukeyser Pillow Book"—Full-color plates, plus photos, charts, and graphs with foreword by Milton Friedman. Limited edition—unavailable in stores. TM Box 64.

ago, I learned that you used to part your hair on the left side of your head in the '70s, but then switched to parting it on the right side in the early '80s. I have a pet theory that hair parts influence thought and behavior patterns, and have long considering making a switch. What do
(Please consult page 19)

A Mythic Encounter?

On a perfectly ordinary Sunday afternoon recently, I was browsing the Bookcourt—one of the scant reasons I go on living in New York — when who should I espy but Mr. Bill Moyers!

Needless to say, I was quite thrilled to be virtually face to face with the man I regard as the smartest on television. "After all," I thought, "the validity of each individual's thoughts is what Bill Moyers has always stood for!"

I relaxed some when I saw the book he had his nose in: *Gratitude*, by William F. Buckley, Jr.. As I was well acquainted with the tome, I felt I could talk to him as an approximate equal. "I wouldn't get that book if I were you," I said.

Moyers gave me the same searching gaze I must have seen a thousand times. "Really?" he said.

"Yes," I followed. "I thought the argument was weak." My mind flashed back to a review I had read. "It seems like it was written in haste."

Moyers nodded. "Hmmm," he reflected; and, as if I had given him something to think about, left the store. I contemplated rushing after him, but then
(Please consult page 23)

THE ROVING INTERLOCUTOR

What was your most memorable date?

Northrup Hayes, clinical psychologist, Owning Mills, Maryland: "When I lived in Seattle, my girlfriend and I went to see an unforgettable performance of 'Siegfried' from Wagner's 'Ring Cycle.' Afterward, I made us dessert—an indescribable chocolate-raspberry soufflé, which I don't think I've attempted since. We consumed it by the fire, and then made love. I can spend an entire evening reminiscing about that date—and still not make it all the way through! Incredible."

Brewster LoBaldi, Segment Producer, Channel 7, St. Paul, Minnesota: "A friend of mine had wangled a backstage pass for Garrison Keillor's 'A Prairie Home Companion,' so we got to meet this talented man in person. He then read my proposal of marriage on the air. The marriage did not last, alas, but that indelible moment surely will, on tape and in the collective memory of millions of fellow listeners."

Kerry Nichols, Policy Planner, Albany, New York: "I guess it was when my date rode shotgun while I won my village's high-speed chicken championship. This was before I entered college."

Conundrum

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This Month's Conundrum:
The Reverse Crossword. Reconstructed Across clues should read as a philosophical passage, while the Down clues form an ironic deconstruction of that passage. Average time to solution: 26 days.

Solution to Last Month's Conundrum: Due to a computer glitch, the Conundrum for March was fundamentally unsolvable. We apologize for any consternation this may have caused.

by Robert N. Strickland

PROFILE IN PRIVILEGE

SCENES FROM A
BESIEGED WASP LIFE
IN VIII MOVEMENTS



I
Charles and his luncheon guest had just finished their dessert and coffee at Roccoco, the fashionable new bistro in TriBeCa.

"Here you go," said Charles, handing "Doug," the waiter/beefcake, the American Express voucher.

"I'm sorry, but I can't accept this."

"What do you mean?"

"We don't accept vouchers."

"Well, I don't accept this situation and your attitude, and I certainly don't accept being told what I can and cannot do by some failed Stanislavski thug. I understand you're frustrated

and struggling—I'm sure it isn't easy securing fill-in parts in soap operas. But you took twenty minutes before you handed us the menus. And you *didn't even ask* if we cared for cocktails: this is a business lunch. The bottle of wine was open before it got to the table. And then you asked, 'Who ordered the grilled salmon?'—they don't do that in even the shittiest Greek diners. Listen, here's fifty bucks—take a drama class, and in your debut role, try acting like a waiter."

"Doug" was as white as a Porthault bed sheet and appeared shrunk to the size of a porch jockey.

II
"Would you be good enough to pass the kippers, Sylvie darling?" Charles asked his girlfriend as he leaned back, puffing a contemplative mid-morning cigarette.



"An all-around contemptible and filthy habit," said Sylvie.

"What, the kippers or the smoke I'm blowing in your face?"

III
"I've always argued that the Beatles represent the brightness of being human, the goodness—or at least the potential for goodness—of mankind. But the Rolling Stones stand for darkness, the seeds of evil and chaos lurking deep inside us all."



"Professor Duval, the only thing that's lurking inside of you is a bunch of bullshit. I've always thought you

were a sack of rubbish, and now, after this brilliant gem, I know you're one," Charles said bluntly, grabbing his chesterfield and walking out of the classroom.

IV

"I'm off to Santa Fe for some R & R after I finish this shoot," the long-legged Elite model mentioned. Some lackey photographer wannabe brought her yet another bottle of Italian mineral water.

Charles suddenly woke up after drifting off a bit.

"Yes, after this one, you'll certainly need some time off. Poor thing."



V

"Inertia, look at that right-wing twit over there," Mr. Big Black Stupid-glasses pointed out to his burgundy-haired and politically correct girlfriend.



"Are you referring to me, perchance, you loathsome second-rate cheap imitation of an intellectual closed-minded left-wing maggot poseur?"



VI

Charles finally nailed down a cab after waiting for what seemed like fifteen long hours in the pouring rain outside Brooks Brothers.

"Seventy-seventh between Fifth and Madison, please."

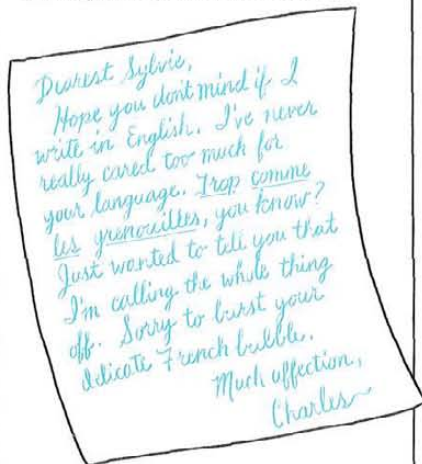
"You want to go West Seventy-second, no, mister? Lotto ticket?"

If Charles had worked for the INS instead of Milbank Tweed, he would have express-mailed him back to Iraq, courtesy of Pan Am.

VII

Charles sat down and propped a casual leg on his desk in the study. He had been meaning to write to his French girlfriend for a while now, but the British-imported Sloane had been taking up too much of his time.

"Right. Now, then," Charles said out loud to himself. "Fresh paper, fresh envelopes, and fresh stamps. Now I just need some fresh ideas."



VIII

"Little red Corvette, baby you're much too fast..." droned Prince in the smoke-laced air of No. 20, St. James's Place, London, W1.

"Why must you constantly invite these Third World pests to your parties?" Charles asked the new limey,

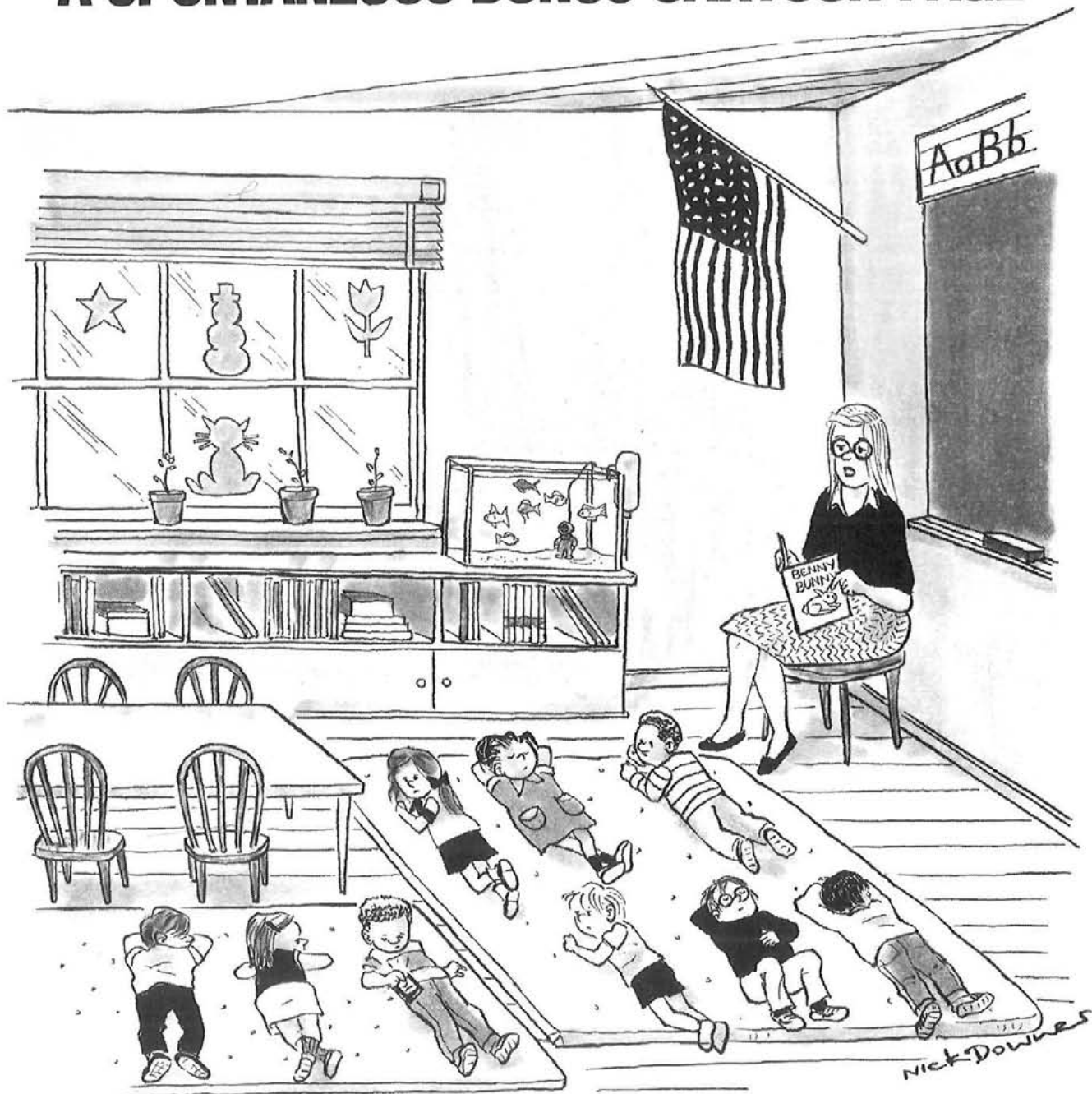


Sloane. "I suppose it's all right to buy the morning papers from Pakis, but you don't invite them over to pollute your flat and blare that damn African music."

Sloane took him by the hand and walked over to the foyer and whispered, "They're supplying the blow, Sherlock."

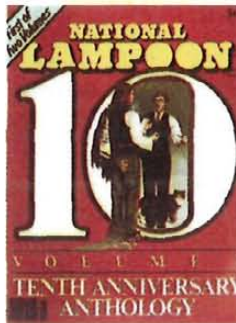
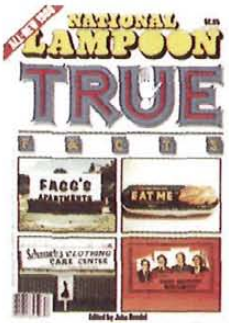
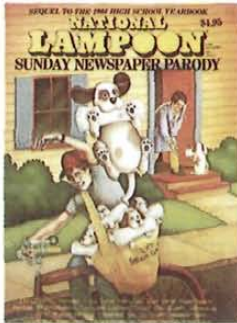
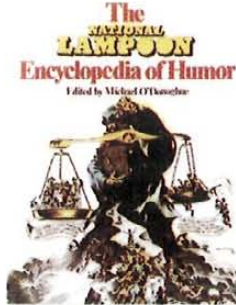
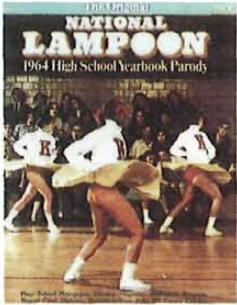
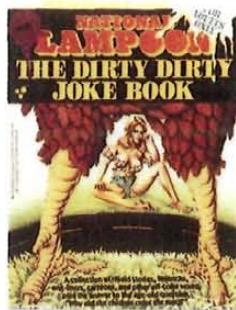
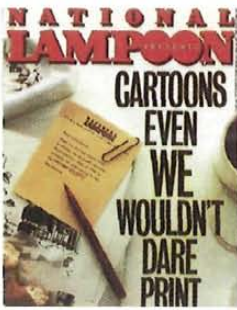
"Oh... sorry." ■

A SPONTANEOUS BONUS CARTOON PAGE



"Now, Billy, you know it's 'beepers off' during quiet time."

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- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976–1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978–1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts '86** The third all-new collection not even we could dream up. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$4.95
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- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see. \$3.95
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- National Lampoon's Cartoon Book** Our all-time best cartoons at an all-time great price. \$3.95

National Lampoon Classics

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my human collection complete. Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each item ordered; \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. \$2.00 per book for Canada and foreign. If I'm a New York state resident I'm adding 8.25 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed _____

Check enclosed

Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 0491, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.



TRUE FACTS

THREE CHILDREN AND their grandmother barely escaped the flames that consumed their Dayton, Ohio, home as well as Toto, the family dog. One of the children, a three-year-old, later told a paramedic at the scene, "Toto was bad. Toto bit me. I set fire to Toto's tail."

District Fire Chief Paul Hemmeter speculated that the blazing dog then "probably ran from place to place setting fires." *Cincinnati Enquirer* (contributed by Gretchen M. Forde)

✓ T □ F

SAN JOSE JUDGE JOHN Pasco ruled that a Seeing Eye dog couldn't be considered a passenger and fined Sherman Hill \$115 for driving alone in a freeway car-pool lane.

"Hill, of San Francisco, told the judge he was blind in his left eye and partially blind in the right," reported the *San Francisco Examiner*. "He said his dog, Queenie, sits on his lap and barks when there is a car in front of his. Pasco ruled that the dog was not a person under California Vehicle Code section 21655.5 as it applies to commuter lanes..."

Hill reportedly accelerated and changed lanes to avoid the California Highway Patrol on the Montague Expressway before he and Queenie were stopped.

"Hill told the officer he was speeding up to cool off his dog." (contributed by R. Griffith)

SCOTT BALDWIN

Edited by John Bendel

✓ T □ F

AN UNIDENTIFIED STUDENT in Lombard, Illinois, was drinking at Bogie's tavern when he "complimented a long-haired man on his tattoo, a spider web with a woman inside," reported the *Chicago Tribune*.

Later, in the bathroom, the long-haired man and an accomplice "allegedly grabbed the student, demanded twenty dollars, threatened to 'bust' his face, whipped out a tattoo gun, and etched away in black ink." The assailants tattooed the man with his own initials.

"This is unusual," said police chief Leon Kutzke. "We have very few cases of rogue tattooers. The tattoo-what-ever-you-call-it instrument isn't usually used as a weapon." (contributed by Chris Miksanek)

✓ T □ F

NARCOTICS DETECTIVES in Denver arrested Douglas Petersburg for manufacturing methamphetamine where he worked—at the Colorado Department of Health's drug-testing laboratory. "He worked as a technician, performing drug screenings on urine samples, including those sent in by the detectives who busted him," reported the *Rocky Mountain News*. (contributed by Linda Conway)

✓ T □ F

A HAWAII YOUTH FOR Christ event that attracted students from thirteen public schools to Moanalua High School in Honolulu was "going very well," according to Hawaii Youth for Christ executive director Reverend Sam Sherrard. At one point, in fact, all 2,200 participants "settled down for prayer..." You could have heard a pin drop," said Sherrard.

After the event, however, Youth for Christ participants brawled in the parking lot. "Three school buses and two cars were damaged and a seventeen-year-old girl was

slightly injured during the brawl and rock-throwing incident," reported Honolulu's *Star-Bulletin*. "Stones were thrown at the Kailua and Waipahu buses, the door of the Farrington bus was pulled off, and a few students were pushing and shoving each other against cars."

"We had a fantastic program," said Sherrard. (contributed by Mike Quinn)

✓ T □ F

JOHN ERIC ROMAT OF Bellewart, Ontario, ran a red light in Tarpon Springs, Florida, then led police on a twelve-mile chase up U.S. 19 through Pasco County. Romat was driving a rented motor home.

Romat, reported the *St. Petersburg Times*, "ran police cruisers off the road, drove north up the northbound and southbound lanes, and at one point drove in wide circles across the highway, crossing the median..." A Pasco deputy fired his .38-caliber revolver twice. Two Tarpon Springs officers fired nine-millimeter weapons at the motor home."

One officer described the motor home and pursuing police cruisers as "a snowplow" that cleared other vehicles off the road.

After he was subdued, Romat told police he had been hit on the head by a meteorite. (contributed by Nancy Lane)

✓ T □ F

GEORGE J. KUEHME OF Phoenix, Arizona, a fast-food worker at a local Jack in the Box franchise, was charged with "aggravated assault, adding a harmful substance to food, and disorderly conduct," then remanded to the Maricopa County jail in lieu of \$3,425 bail. The charges related to a tainted hamburger Kuehme was accused of serving to a Phoenix police officer, according to the *Arizona Republic*.

"That's what the cop gets," Kuehme allegedly told a fellow employee after blowing

Christ-Lord

Pamela Dawn Lord and John Andrew Christ were married on Oct. 6, 1990 at St. Gall's Church in Elburn.

The bride is the daughter of William and Kay Lord Jr. of Big Rock. Parents of the groom are John and Judy Christ of Forest Park.

Michelle Carbone of Downers Grove was matron of honor. Bridesmaids were Lisa Naiden of Chicago, Lisa Christensen of DeKalb, and Dianna Murphy of Richland Center, Wis.

Glenn Christ of Forest Park was best man. Groomsmen were Bill Mear of Bloomingdale, Jeff Campbell of Genoa, and Alan Lord of Big Rock.



Richard and Tracy Hiscock

Hiscock -Burns

Bill and Sharon Burns and Kay Giffin, all of Oshawa, would like to announce the marriage of their children, Tracy Lynn and Richard George, on July 28, 1990 at Cedar Dale United Church.

OSHAWA (CANADA) TIMES
CONTRIBUTED BY KEL CLARKE

Young-Supple

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Supple of Fort Worth announce the engagement of their daughter, Lynne Supple of Arlington, to Michael Young of Fort Worth. The prospective bridegroom is the son of Gene Young of Fort Worth and Lois and Bill M'llison of Beaumont.

They plan to marry April 14 at the Century II Club, Fort Worth.

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM
CONTRIBUTED BY ROBERT STOSKOPF

And what will they call the children?



(AURORA, ILLINOIS) BEACON-NEWS
CONTRIBUTED BY STEVEN A. NILA

Mr. and Mrs. Christ



(GRANITE CITY, ILLINOIS) PRESS-RECORD
CONTRIBUTED BY JAY GILBERT

Mr. and Mrs. James

James-Brown

Priscilla Lynn Brown and Gregory Lee James were married on May 5, 1990, at Glenview Chapel Assembly of God by the Rev. Douglas Surratt.

The bride is the daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Vernon (Doris) Brown of Pontoon Beach. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lee (Phyllis) James of Granite City.

The maid of honor was Evangeline Brown, sister of the bride.

Burger-Butz



Donna Renee Butz, step-daughter and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Higginbotham of Cockeysville and Rancee Leroy Burger, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Burger of Hampden, were married Nov. 22 at St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Michelle Bathurst and Joseph Burger were honor attendants. The bride is attending the University of Maryland School of Dentistry. The bridegroom is a student at the University of Baltimore.

(BALTIMORE, MD) SUN
CONTRIBUTED BY RON EDWARDS

his nose into the burger. (contributed by Michael Shaffran)

T F

THE NORTHROP CORPORATION, makers of the B-2 Stealth bomber, took legal action against a Texas company called Stealth Condoms Inc. Northrop opposed the company's trademark application, claiming that use of the name "is likely to cause confusion, or to cause mistake, or to deceive" consumers.

John Hughes, owner of Stealth Condom Inc., said he'd fight to retain his product's name. "We offer a heck of a lot more protection than the Stealth bomber, at a lot less cost," he said.

Hughes, who conceived of the condom marketing idea, also wrote the Stealth Condom slogan, which Northrop claimed would hurt its reputation: "They'll Never See You Coming." *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by Jeff Tuckfelt)

T F

THIS AD APPEARED IN the *Courier-Post* of Camden, New Jersey:

"Pizza maker & cook (Audubon). Prepare the quality of flour combined w/ water, yeast, & other substance. Shape compressed mass to open-faced pie, consisting in its basic form of bread dough covered w/ tomatoes & strips of cheese, shread (sic) of meat, anchovies, mushrooms, onions, or olives. Flavor each variety of pie & bake thoroughly. Prepare food by boiling, roasting, baking. Nec. 2 yrs. of exp'er."

This illuminating ad for U.S. Job #0497548 was placed by the New Jersey State Employment Service. (contributed by Melanie Barniskis)

T F

AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN in Port Richey, Florida, who says his name is Elvis and gives his address as Grace-land, twice called for medical assistance recently.

According to the *St. Petersburg Times*, "Fire and rescue workers found the slick-haired, sideburned man at... 8040 Washington Street. He complained of abdominal pains, but rescue workers could find nothing wrong. The man then got up and sang for rescue workers and a Pasco County Sheriff's Office deputy. He began with a rendition of 'Blue Christmas,' complete with sneer and pelvic movements."

Captain John Mautz recognized the man as "apparently the same Elvis who complained of chest pains in a Spring Hill Burger King a week earlier." (contributed by Tom Bialecki)

T F

THE PAKISTANI ENGLISH-language newspaper *The Dawn* reported that a collision between a cargo ship and a submarine in the harbor area in Karachi cost the life of one sailor, whose body was later recovered from the sea. According to *The Dawn*, "The commander of the submarine also drowned in the incident, but he was rescued by Port Trust boats immediately afterward." (contributed by William D. Hylton)

T F

IN SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, Gabriel Real Pelletier was fined \$230 and ordered to make restitution after he was unable to pay for forty dollars' worth of food he had ordered and eaten in a local restaurant called Free-loaders. *Evening Times-Globe* (contributed by Joe Maagdenberg)

T F

RHODE ISLAND STATE senator Dominick J. Ruggiero was charged with shoplifting after the manager of a Providence CVS pharmacy claimed she saw him "stuffing condoms into his socks and pockets." *New Haven* (Connecticut) *Register* (contributed by Gregory Golshi)

T F

THE TELEGRAPH HERALD of Dubuque, Iowa, re-

ported the arrest of thirty-eight-year-old Roy C. May in its "Area Briefs" column. "A Dubuque man was arrested Sunday night after police said he pushed a woman through a glass door at Bill's S & M Motel and Lounge in East Dubuque." (contributed by Paul D. Healey)

T F

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the "Public safety log" section of the *East Oregonian* under the heading "Miscellaneous":

"A woman reported that someone broke into her home and set her clock to the correct time." (contributed by Gus Mortier)

T F

A BATTERY-SHAPED hot-air balloon sponsored by the Ray-O-Vac battery company blew off course during the Great Philadelphia Balloon Race and touched down in a vacant lot as some one hundred Philadelphians watched. The pilot waved at the gawking crowds during the landing.

Once on the ground, though, the basket was rushed by the crowd, which made off with "binoculars worth \$200, a thirty-five-millimeter camera worth \$250, and a two-way radio valued at \$500." *Philadelphia Daily News* (contributed by John P. Dooner)

T F

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TRUE FACTS IN THE TRADES

by John Derevlany
Bumper Stickers

If *Law and Order* readers noticed something oddly familiar about November's critique of pedestrian-accident investigations, it's because *Traffic Safety* magazine has gotten mileage out of this topic for years. Starting with the seminal 1977 work, "Journal Study Finds Pedestrians Cross Street Without Looking," to the 1988 "Pedestrians in Peril: Streets Weren't Made for Walking," *Traffic Safety's* editors have often betrayed a peculiar obsession with matters of this sort.

Law and Order, on the other hand, has only recently swung into the fast lane of hit-and-run journalism. Attempting, therefore, to put a few new spins on the old roadside bump and grind, *L and A* correspondent William B. Bowes tries bringing an Earth Day-style enthusiasm to his review of vehicular homicide. In "Pedestrian Accident Investigation," Bowes goes out of his way to make special note of the unsightly "tissue and fabric transfer" accompanying pedestrian fatalities, as well as the inevitability of other such environmentally unsound "debris" as "shoes or hats."

However, Bowes subsequently gets detoured during his piece with abstruse discussions of "pedestrian kinematics"—the study of flying pedestrians. As an example of how one can use this new science to determine the velocity of airborne jaywalkers, Bowes cites the formula $V = \sqrt{2fgd \div \cos A} + (f \sin A)$, in which *A* is the "pedestrian launch angle," *d* is "pedestrian throw distance," and *f* is the "pedestrian drag factor." The major flaw in this type of equation, though, is that it does not account for the type of pavement-based victims detailed in a recent issue of *Sudebno-Meditsinskaia Ekspertiza*. Could it be that Bowes failed to read this Russian-language medical journal? Certainly, he makes no reference to the publication's groundbreaking article, "Ustanovlenie Napravleniia Perekzda Tela Kolesom Avtomobilia" (Determining Direction in Cases of Bodies Run Over by Automobile Wheels).

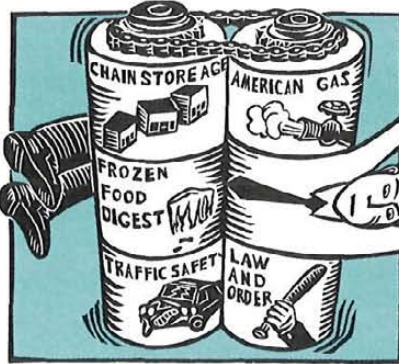
In short, Bowes should have never left the curb on this fender-bender meets brain-twister tangent. He gets no quarrel from us when he says, "Pedestrians leave no skidmarks." But I doubt the average patrolman will have much luck with the mathematical rubbernecking inherent in a formula like $S = (.057d)(\sqrt{r \div w})(386.4 \div \sin A)$.

Speaking of Collisions...

Why did the chicken cross the road? Probably because it was blown through the "Chicken Veyor" system at the usual rate of 120 birds per minute. According to the December issue of *Compressed Air* magazine, the Chicken Veyor is a seven-inch-diameter pneumatic tube for transporting live poultry, not unlike a tennis-ball machine that spits out barnyard fowl.

Tracing the evolution of this device, *Compressed Air* concludes that the Chicken Veyor is actually a conceptual descendant of a World War II "air cannon" employed in the testing of B-29 bombers. In a realistic simulation of flight hazards, cannon-wielding Boeing workers used to blast dead chickens at the windshields of new planes to demonstrate their resiliency.

It's only recently that the birds have begun to strike back, as detailed in *Avia-*



SCOTT BALDWIN

tion Space and Environmental Medicine's recent piece "Why Birds Kill: Cross-sectional Analysis of U.S. Air Force Bird Strike Data." This article pulls no punches in revealing how the nation's most sophisticated military planes have been blown out of the sky by pelicans, snow geese, and other egg-laying feathered friends. The fact that *Compressed Air* passes over this point in its article is not lost on the astute reader. One need only recall the Hitchcockian comments of Brigadier General James W. Meier in the *Washington Post* to realize the importance of poultry-splattering devices in our post-cold war environment. While discussing a metal-penetrating pelican that destroyed one of the Air Force's B-1 bombers in 1987, killing three crewmen, Meier alluded to the deadly bird as "a bowling ball operating at the speed of sound."

Fortunately, increases in lethal, supersonic fowl have spurred the Air Force to step up deployment of its BASH (Bird Aircraft Strike Hazards) unit, a top-secret bird-watching team. One needn't be too suspicious to wonder if the Chicken Veyor, like its ancestor, will be drafted into service—yet this specu-

lation is absent from *Compressed Air's* essay. Could it be that this monthly publication, which claims a circulation of 145,000, has a hidden agenda? "The magazine's name doesn't reflect its contents," *Compressed Air* informs its potential freelance writers, somehow suggesting an alternative mission beyond the in-depth coverage of invisible gases.

P-tooyo: Art Slump Overrated

When all the big papers say the same thing, it's time to look elsewhere to find out what's really going on. Case in point: the so-called "art market slump."

One need go no further than *Discount Store News* for the real story. "Like the apparel business," a *DSN* reviewer states, "wall art presents a gross margin opportunity because of its fashion and home decor orientation" (italics added). The story adds that many contemporary works often come with their own frame at no extra cost—a marketing device yet to be adequately exploited by such high-profile auction houses as Sotheby's and Christie's.

This and other factors have forced wall-art prices up more than 500 percent over the past year, a fact somehow absent from most mass-market publications. Furthermore, *DSN* claims that paintings will sell if properly coordinated with the seasons and furnishings of an "art-hungry consumer" (slate-blue and sea-green artworks are in this spring; terra-cotta, beige, and sand will be hot next fall).

Yet despite its astute appraisal of the market, *DSN* ignores the idea that, for many people, art is more than a mere home-furnishing accessory. It is, in fact, an important tax shelter, especially now that Congress has revived the art-related deductions eliminated in the Tax Reform Act of 1986. For wall-art connoisseurs, this means being able to bestow, say, a colorful acrylic of a crying clown to the Getty Museum in California and subsequently taking off as much as \$19.95 on their returns. I would have appreciated such reporting in *DSN*.

POETRY CORNER

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—From "Water-in-a-Can Will Quench Vendors' Profit Thirst," *Vending Times*, author anonymous. ■

TRUE ENCOUNTERS**JACKIE MASON AT THE CARNEGIE DELICATESSEN**

by Josh Alan Friedman

I am finishing a corned beef on rye at the Carnegie Delicatessen at two A.M. when in comes Jackie Mason with his entourage. A short while back, Mason had one sidekick; now he has half a dozen, an aging chorus line of lawyers and press agents, akin to those who group around Joe Franklin.

I confront him immediately: "Jackie, you never called."

The comedian looks up from his plate of rugelach indignantly. "Who're you?" he asks, gazing down at me, though he is seated and I'm standing.

"Josh Alan Friedman."

Sudden recognition. "Oh, yeah, the kid who was sending me the script. I promised I'd call you the next day, right?" he says, gesturing to the table at large, as if to congratulate his own memory. "I never got it."

"Jackie, I mailed it three weeks ago. That's the fourth time I've sent it. Don't you get mail at your apartment?"

"I swear I never saw it." Mason looks accusingly at one of his yes men and makes a disparaging gesture signifying that this is the clown responsible for handling mail.

Every few weeks I'd bump into Jackie Mason. He was hard to avoid, shuttling up and down Manhattan's Upper West Side, tucking into the Carnegie Deli every night for supper after his show. Before his meteoric rise, I interviewed him for a small tabloid. He said he dreamed of playing a "Jewish detective" in the movies. "Write me a script, any script, as long as I get to be a Jewish detective, and I'll get you a hundred thousand dollars," he told me then.

I zoomed into production. I was a fan. I'd seen him a few years before his big hit, *The World According to Me*, at Dangerfield's, where he performed brilliantly in front of eight people—half of whom walked out midway through the show with the scolding reproach "Too ethnic!"

With a sympathetic friend, I had concocted the perfect, the only Jackie Mason vehicle—a remake of *The Golem*.

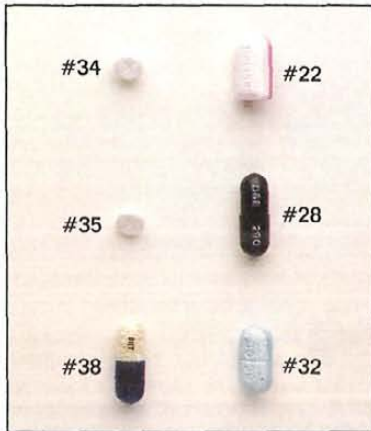
"So, how will I ever see this script of yours?" Mason asks me now between sips of coffee.

"Tell you what. I live twenty blocks away. Give me twenty minutes, I'll be back with the treatment."

"I'll wait right here, I won't move from this chair till you get back," swears the famous comedian.

I cab it home and have the taxi wait outside my apartment. Searching through my files for a Xerox of *The Golem*, I'm certain Mason will take off. He told me at our last sidewalk encounter that he needed scripts desperately, everything he saw was shit, especially detective scripts. Furthermore, now he could snap his fingers and put a project into production.

I barrel back into the Carnegie waving pages. The air conditioning is too strong for September, blowing pickles and mustard through the air. True to

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TRUE ENCOUNTERS

his word, Jackie Mason is waiting.

"Here it is. Read it when you get home tonight." But Jackie points me to the empty chair alongside him.

"Let's read this aloud now," he says, huddling with his table of yes men. I suggest that he read it alone.

"I always test comedy material on people first," he announces to his assembly.

Jackie hands the treatment to a man directly in front of him who looks as if he'd been a redhead many years ago. These old boys are high on pastrami and nitrites, cutting the grease with fat cigars. The fellow garbles his way through the two and three-quarters single-spaced pages.

Mason is impassive throughout the reading. The members of his entourage chuckle at spots but eye him carefully, their laughter becoming throat-clearing when the boss doesn't respond.

"Okay," says Jackie, pointing to the first old duke across the table. "What did you think?"

The guy is enthusiastic. "It was funny, like Mel Brooks. It had Jews, Nazis, and a sexy blonde. Could be great."

Mason points a second time to a younger, black-haired guy who's obviously in some managerial aspect of show biz. "It was like a Spielberg mystery picture—with comedy. A science-fiction adventure featuring an eight-foot-tall golem and a Jew private eye. Excellent."

"Okay, now you," says Mason, casting a nod toward a fat gentleman leaning back with a cigar.

"Too Jewish. They'll never go for it in the Midwest," he declares, taking personal objection. "Jackie's gotta steer clear playing too Jewish, he can't be ethnic. The movie should have a gay star in it."

"Too Jewish?" I interjected. "Was Annie Hall too Jewish for the Midwest? Is Barbra Streisand too Jewish, was Yentl too Jewish? How 'bout *The Jazz Singer* with Jolson? Jackie Mason's whole career is *too Jewish*, and look where it's gotten him." Jackie hears me out, then points to a man with a mustache and thick eyeglasses.

"Too far out," he says. "Too outrageous, between the monsters, Times Square weirdos, circus freaks, and Adolf Hitler—all crazy things. Keep away."

"I'm glad you said that," shoots Mason, putting his fist down. "That's

what I was thinking to myself, but I wanted one of you to say it." And then he turns to me, apologetically: "I can't play a *Star Wars*-type movie, with all that crazy stuff goin' on, over here, over there. People expect to see me in everyday situations, mainstream comedy. What you have here is something for Steve Martin. This isn't right for me."

"I disagree," I say.

"You disagree?" says Jackie, dumbfounded before his witnesses. "You disagree? What if I were to tell some ballerina that she should be a dancer on *Solid Gold*? How can any schmuck

Jackie.

"*Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*," yells some screenwriter at the end of the table.

"That stunk," says Jackie. "I'll tell you what, there hasn't been a good detective comedy since *The Pink Panther*!" Mason put his fist down again.

"Furthermore, I can play a romantic lead. Why shouldn't I? That ugly dumb bastard, Dangerfield, was the romantic lead in that last picture, what was it?"

"*Back to School*," answers the table.

"Yeah, he gets the girl, that Sally what's-her-name, he was a romantic lead. And you mean to tell me this



tell me what he wants to see me do? A year ago there was this guy who wrote out a whole Broadway show for me. He thought the only way I'd have a chance on Broadway was if there were heavy chorus numbers, changes of sets, costumes, chorus girls, and routines. I started a reading of the thing, but halfway through I knew it wasn't right for me. I told him so. He told me, 'I disagree.' He thought I should do a whole big show. He was wrong. I was the first comedian to ever pull off a one-man show on Broadway."

Jackie was right. "Listen, Jackie," I said, "if you don't think it's right, that's all that matters. You can't play something you feel is wrong. I'll find someone else."

"Sure, you'll find someone else, but I can't find one good script about a Jewish detective? I see fifty terrible scripts a week. I need one great one."

"But there are some good detective scripts," I volunteer. "And there could be more if talented writers were actually hired to write them."

"Name one good detective comedy from the past ten years," challenges

skinny putz with the big nose and glasses, this bent-over, sickeningly ugly weasel, Woody Allen, can play romantic leads and I can't? He can sleep with Diane Keaton or Mia Farrow. That's all he does is romantic leads."

"Okay," I say, "I agree. You would be perfect for a romantic lead. But I have some other ideas. How about the first Jewish vice president?"

"Why should I play the vice president? Last week some guy came up with a script for me as the first Jewish president."

"Yeah, but vice president would be more realistic. It also would be loaded with the anticipation of you being a heartbeat away. You could derive more comedic situations from that."

"What?! This guy's script had me declaring Miami as the new capital. My wife nags and kvetches about why can't she come to the summit and meet Gorbachev in her new fur coat. I make Rosh Hashanah a national holiday."

"No good, Jackie," the fat gentleman with the cigar explains with a sigh. "Too Jewish." ■

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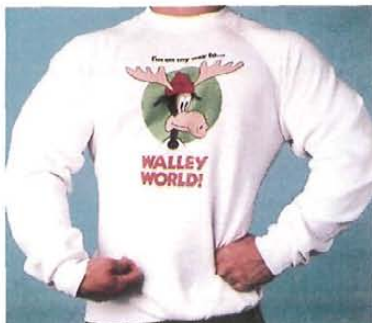
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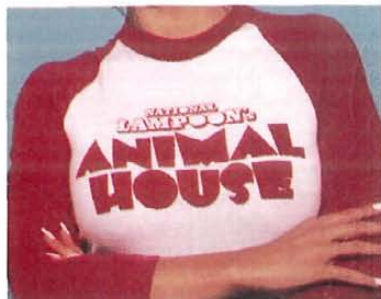
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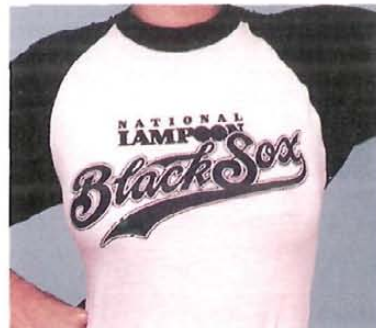
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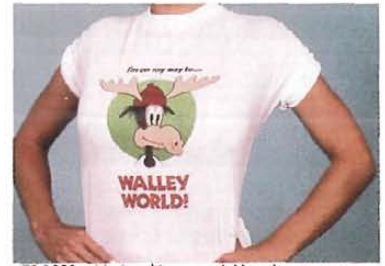


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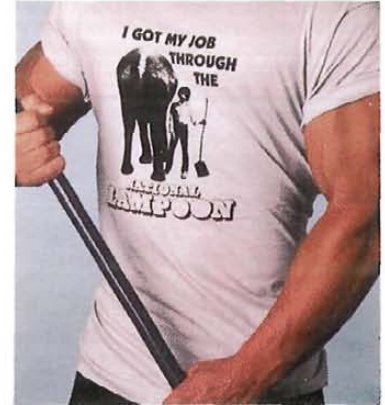
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- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —San Francisco Chronicle
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —Washington Post
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —UMKC University News
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slow dressing at the local supermarket —Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



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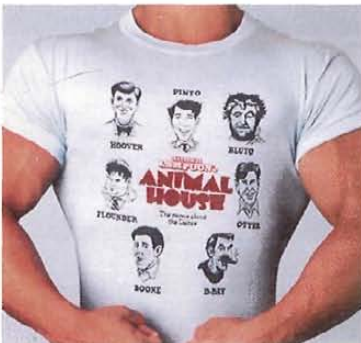
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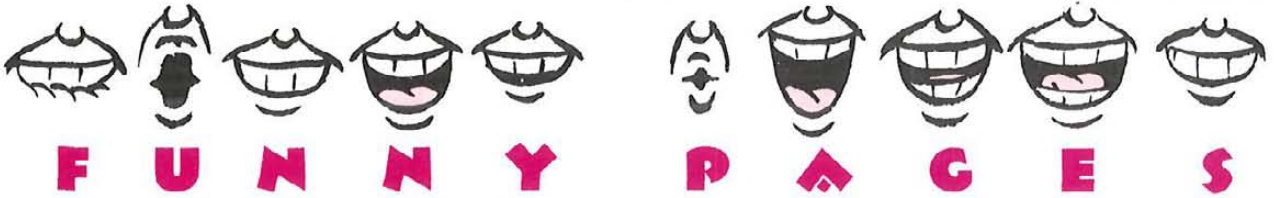
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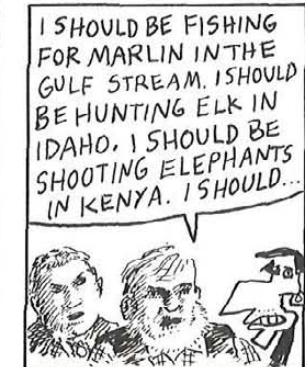
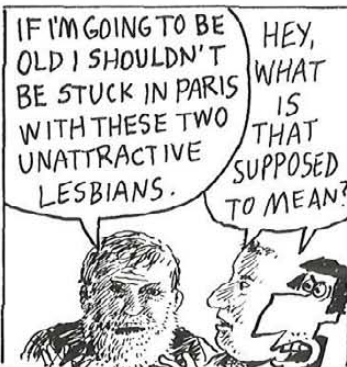
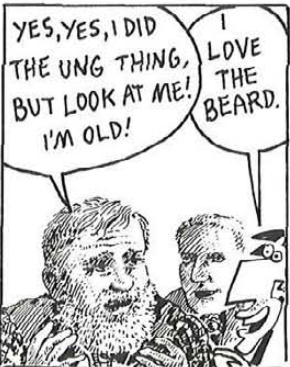
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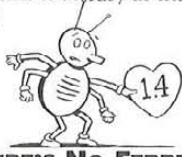
by T. HACHTMAN



METRIC TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Metric time is as easy as that. Any questions?



IF THERE'S NO FEBRUARY, WHEN'S VALENTINE'S DAY?

Or, for that matter, when's your birthday? Fortunately, you can convert any Old Calendar date to metric time by simply following the 10-step (even metric conversions are metric) Metric Calendate Conversion System:

1. Calculate the total number of Old Days (OD) from January 1 to that date, not counting that date (due to the awkwardness of the Old Calendar, this may take some time).
2. If $OD \geq 182$, subtract 9.
3. If $174 < OD < 182$, then set OD at 174.
4. If $OD \geq 357$, then set OD at 349.
5. Divide OD by 14.
6. Multiply the number to the left of the decimal point by 40,000.
7. Multiply the number to the right of the decimal point by 56,000 (remember to include the decimal point!).
8. Add these two numbers together.
9. Round off to the nearest thousand. You have now calculated the total number of elapsed kronns in the cycle!
10. Move the decimal point over five spaces to create the metric calendate.

In this manner, we can produce the following holiday conversions:²⁶

- Valentine's Day = 1.40 Calends = April 10
- May Day = 4.60 = June 15
- July 4 = 5.48 = July 12
- Halloween = 8.40 = November 10
- Christmas = 9.96 = December 25²⁷

HOW DO I CONVERT A METRIC CALENDATE BACK TO OLD TIME?

For a number of reasons we need not go into here, you can't. But that's the beauty of metric time—there's no turning back the clock! ■

²⁶Please note one important exception to the Metric Calendate Conversion System. The U.S. Internal Revenue Service has determined that your tax-filing deadline will continue to be midnight, April 15 (163,000 munns), even though it now comes two calends earlier.

²⁷Yes, it works out to be the exact same day.

EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Suddenly, the formation shook, broke apart, reunited, then broke apart again, with parawings tipping from side to side and the gold smoke swirling up into the editors' faces.

"Yesssss!" Danny sneered, pumping the air with his fist.

Doyle looked uncertainly at his vibrating machine. "An enormous vacuum," he'd tried to explain to me, "that will suck the Esquires out of their formation, out of the stadium, and right here into the parking lot... if it works—those branches you got were kinda wet."

The blue-and-golds were scattered and heading right for us—it looked as if they'd miss the stadium altogether. They began to kick their legs and wave their hands, trying to grab the crowd's attention. But Whitney Houston was singing the national anthem and you can bet that nobody was looking for any parawings, *National Lampoon* or otherwise.

Dizzy and bruised, the *Esquire* team landed hard, not twenty yards away. We set upon them like crazy, untamed dog-wolf half-breeds. Most of them got away, but we managed to corner Rust Hills between two Volvos.

"Who cut the kid's cord?" Barkin asked, squeezing the back of the old man's neck like you'd squeeze the back of a seventh-grader's neck in junior high.

"N-n-n-not me," the old man stammered. Barkin squeezed harder. "Yes me, yes me. Uncle!"


Barkin let go. "Okay, Danny. Punch him. Punch him real hard right in the nuts."

O'Keefe rolled up his sleeve, took a big windup, and then swung. Only he didn't strike. He stopped just millimeters from Rust's groin. A squeak of air escaped from Hills's pursed lips, then he fell down and crapped himself. "Pussy," spat O'Keefe, and walked away.

"Later on, meatball!" waved Marcil, as we waded our way out of the lot. As we left, we could hear the crowd cheering the opening kickoff—by then, they'd probably already forgotten there was even supposed to be a stacked-wing landing during the pregame. But that would be okay, because we remembered. The *National Lampoon* Editorial Action Staff never forgets.

Later that night, over a rock and rye, I came up with the idea for this, the New World Order issue. I hope you like it. ■

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Is that guy an out-of-touch lunatic or merely an idiosyncratic but lucid eccentric? Can you make this subtle distinction? Is he a regular guy with a few visible quirks or has he taken that woeful step beyond the...

CURTAIN OF SANITY

By Dan Clowes

FIVE POSITIVE INDICATORS THAT SAY "YES! HE / SHE IS A BONA FIDE NUT!"

1.) LOTS OF BUTTONS.



Be observant! Maybe someday you'll be lucky enough to spot one of these memorable hall-of-famers!

MAN REPEATEDLY HANGING UP PAY PHONE AND YELLING "FUCK YOU" FOR TWO HOURS.



2.) ONE PANT LEG IS TUCKED IN, THE OTHER ISN'T.



4.) ANY WRITING WITH NO SPACE BETWEEN THE LINES.



GARBAGE-THROWING MISANTHROPE (LATER SEEN SINGING SHOW TUNES TO A LINE OF MOVIEGOERS.)



2.) T-SHIRTS BEARING SLOGANS THAT THE WEARER CLEARLY HAS NO AFFILIATION WITH.



5.) ONGOING MUSICAL NARRATION OF EVENTS AS THEY TRANSPIRE.



THE "MOM-HATER"

... THEY'RE ALWAYS IN THE WAY WITH THEIR FUCKING CARTS! I WAS JUST IN LAMSTON'S AND YOU CAN'T GET DOWN THE AISLE WITH ALL THE FUCKING BABIES IN THE WAY! WHAT DO WE WANT ANY FUCKING BABIES FOR? THEY OUGHTTA BE LINED UP AND SHOT BEFORE THEY HAVE ANY MORE! LOOK AT 'EM !!



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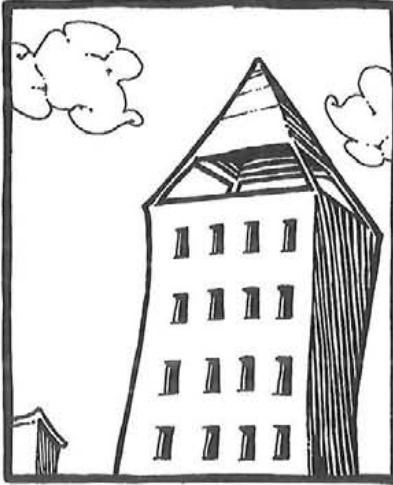
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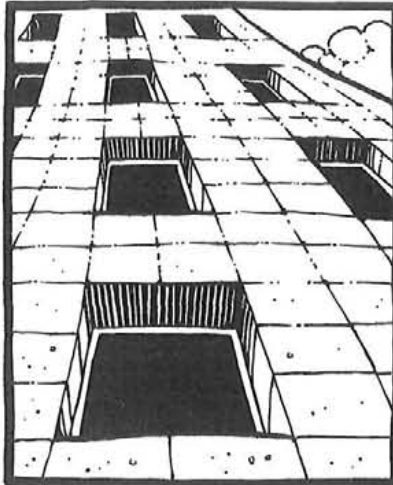
MY OFFICE, YOU SEE, IS ON THE ELEVENTH FLOOR.



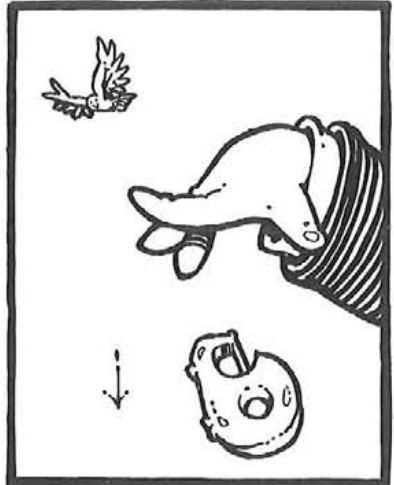
IT WAS SPRINGTIME, AND MY JUICES WERE HIGH.



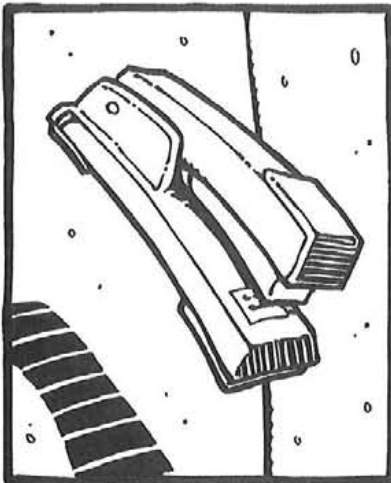
AS A DIVERSION, I BEGAN DROPPING ITEMS FROM THE WINDOW...



AND WATCHING THEM FALL ALL THE WAY DOWN.



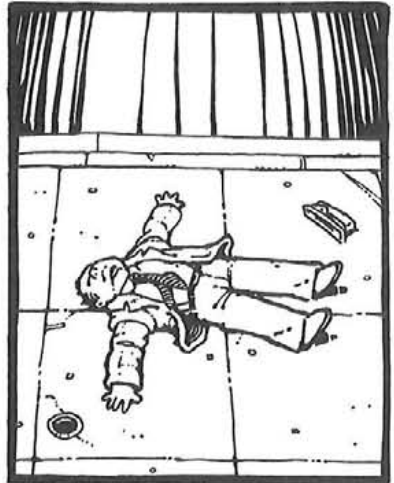
ONLY LIGHTWEIGHT, HARMLESS OBJECTS, I SWEAR.



PERHAPS THE STAPLING MACHINE WAS A MISTAKE.



I SAW IT STRIKE A MAN FULL ON THE SKULL.



ON THE OTHER HAND, IT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM THE FLOOR ABOVE.



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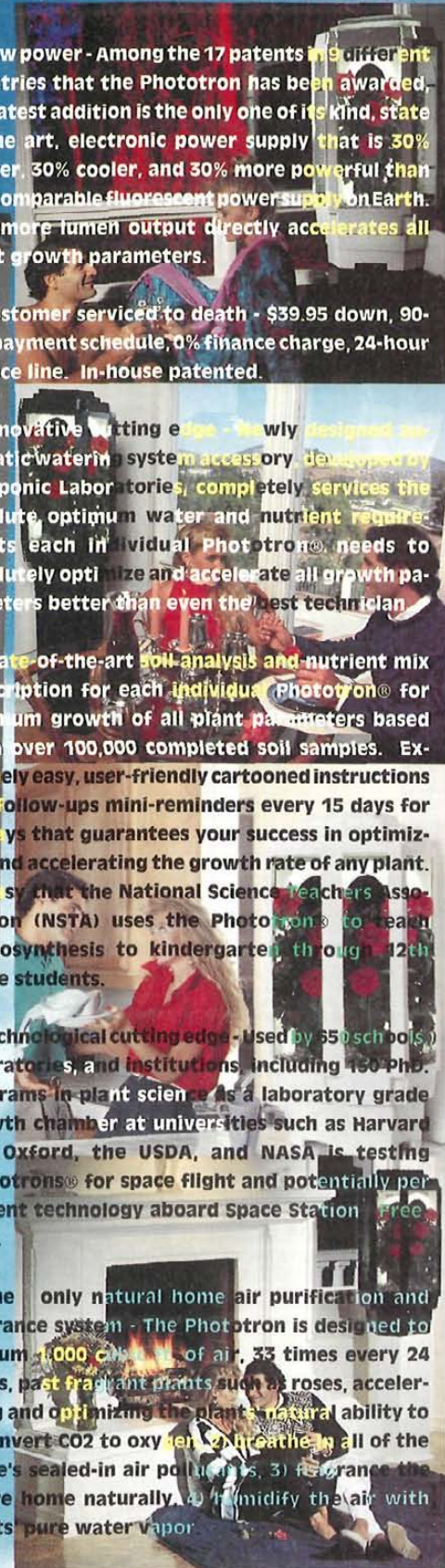
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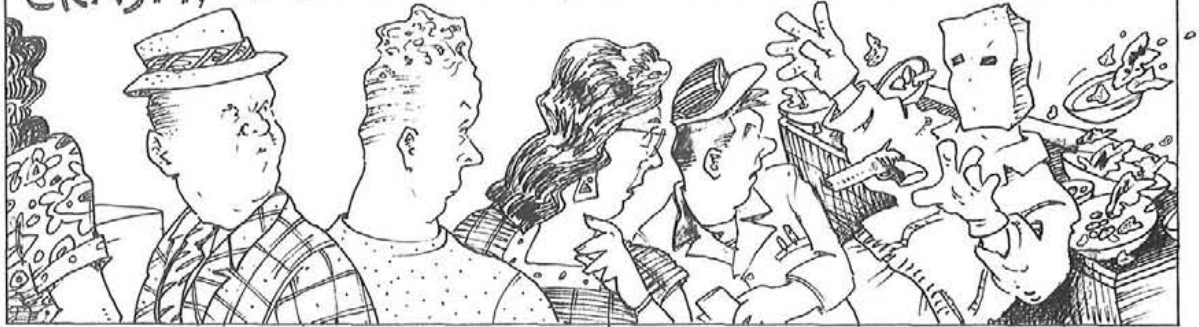
IT HAPPENED AT THE BANK

HIGH NOON ON FRIDAY. TEMPERS ARE SHORT, AS ARE THE TELLERS.

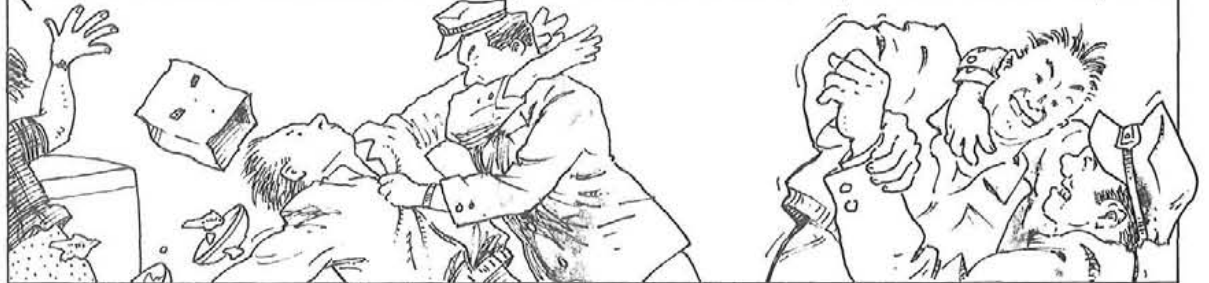
I AM NEXT IN LINE WITH A SIMPLE TRANSACTION, WHEN



CRASH, AGAINST THE SALAD BAR*, A ROBBER, DRESSED IN ROBBER'S CLOTHING



(HE CAN'T SEE WHERE HE IS GOING), LOSES HIS BALANCE, GETS ARRESTED, AND



HERE'S THE STRANGE PART: SUDDENLY ALL THESE PEOPLE ARE IN FRONT OF ME.



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The outmoded method of kinship relations will be abolished. All infants will be turned over to the Together Dating Service and mothers and fathers will be chosen via a sophisticated computer program.

All those with a waist greater than or equal to thirty-six inches will have to do laps.

Giorgio Armani will be given the commission to design new money, with the proviso that he use a lively color scheme.

Words in the dictionary will be printed in order of importance.

Prison lifers will receive free piano lessons.

The disposition of the bases will be as follows:

First base—Touching a girl's breast.

Second base—Blowjob.

Third base—Sexual intercourse.

Home—Having a long conversation about the relationship.

Confederate money will be redeemed by the Treasury at ten times face value.

"Montezuma's revenge" will be renamed "just desserts for cultural imperialists."

The Stanley Cup will be awarded to the biggest guy named Stanley on the North American continent.

All presidential nominees must be reviewed and approved during a Barbara Walters prime-time special.

All commerce, public and private, is forbidden during prime time.

State government will be abolished, and the various capitol buildings will be converted into appealingly lit condos, the definition of "appealing" to be decided biennially by the Supreme Court. Driver's licenses will be issued by local Hallmark distributors.

Humor and humor products are to be confined to the home.

Further production and ownership of Ford Escorts and Plymouth Horizons are forbidden.

Volkswagen Karmann-Ghias and Ford Mustangs, circa '68, will serve as official state vehicles.

Apples and apple by-products are the official dessert of the New World Order.

The phrase "throw a punch" is obsolete. Now we say "glean a tater."

Cabdrivers have the right to hypnotize their passengers, and may request to do so at any time.

There will be a fourth utensil—besides fork, knife, and spoon—called the giggo. It will be long-handled with a blunt end, and used for crushing different foods into powders and pastes.

Serapes and bolo ties are appropriate dress for business. Cowboy boots no longer exist.

All government business—congressional sessions, diplomatic meetings, mail delivery, etc.—will be conducted at night, to give the impression that things get done by magic.

Sports matches no longer will be competitive. Rather, they will follow scripts, and be presented as entertainments.

Meat will be taken at all meals.

Children must first learn to play the vibraphone before taking up any other instruments. "Serious" musicians must be fluent in claves.

The master's degree will from here on out be called the Easy-Breezy degree.

EDICTS AND MANDATES OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER

All scientists must drop whatever they're doing and focus their efforts on one of the following three science projects: finding an invisibility potion; creating a "transporter beam"; learning how to talk to animals.

Television shows can no longer be stupid. They must be witty, and accurately evince the nobler passions.

All colleges will be called "College."

All student discounts are hereby rescinded.

All seventeen- to nineteen-year-olds, male and female, are to be conscripted into one of several thousand privately owned security-guard services for three years.

Marriages are to be arranged by a Lord Chancellor, and will be based on characters and circumstances.

When men grow tired of London, they will be executed.

To avoid further conflict, the people of the world will agree on a single religion.

When referring to the band Led Zeppelin, the abbreviations "Zep" or "the Zep" are no longer acceptable.

The lingua franca of the New World Order is, as of right now, Citizens Band-radio jargon.

Everything that is not forbidden is mandatory.

In the future, the "buddy system" will be applied to international relations.

Television stations that run fundamentalist Christian programs must give equal time to underachieving teenagers who listen to heavy metal.

By law, before purchasing a given percentage of Hollywood, one must first buy an equal-percentage interest in the Grand Ole Opry.

The motto "Born Free—Taxed to Death!" will appear on all U.S. currency.

On the fourth day of each month, local governments will be responsible for furnishing a lunch of blue cheese, dark bread, Bermuda onions, and a nice lager beer, free of charge.

The mailing list of Publishers Clearinghouse will serve as the basis for jury selection.

Hosts of sports-talk radio shows will have to apply to the government for a license, and take the following oath: "I, [sports-talk radio host], do solemnly swear never to talk about crybaby free agents, the college football polls, or berate my own listeners."

College language requirements may be met by proving fluent in the language of love.

"Skeptical" characters in TV commercials will be required to remain "skeptical" at the end of the commercial.

Effective today, you can't go home again.

All new ambassadors to the United Nations must wear a badge reading "TRAINEE."

All those participating in rotisserie leagues will be put into rotisseries themselves and cooked until they howl.

Who you know will still matter, but in a completely different way.

Everybody gets one shot at Uma Thurman.

The New York Yankees will wear patches reading "Emotion Recollected in Tranquility" on the left sleeve of their uniforms.

The name "Kyle Rote" will open the doors of the powerful.

All medical examinations will conclude with a sharp rap to the shinbone, and the words "Now get on outta here."

The state of Israel will be relocated to the Ruhr valley, Germany.

The taboo against incest is hereby waived if your mom is very hot.

Fur coats, stoles, and ties are hereby abolished, excepting those made from cats.

The following change has been made to the Holy Bible:

Lazarus was not dead, but only in a coma.

Citizens of backward nations will henceforth be required to dress in period costumes reflecting their social advancement. Specifically, Soviet citizens must wear clothing from the 1950s, Afrikaners from the 1830s, and Americans from the mid-1970s. French and Italian citizens may wear clothes from two and three years into the future.

Effective immediately, no man is an island.

Employees must now wash hands, genitals, and behind the ears before returning to work.

Margins on term papers may not exceed 2.5 cm (approximately one inch) on any side; said papers must be one page longer than the required length for each 0.5 cm of excess margin.

Banks charging for withdrawals from automatic-teller machines are henceforth required to pay out the same amount for automatic-teller deposits.

Henceforth, there will be no more talk of a Beatles reunion, and no band that has not produced an album in more than five years will be allowed to regroup or gather in the same location for more than a half hour, except for weddings and funerals, at which it is strictly prohibited from playing.

Effective September 1, life will be brutish, short, and yet oddly satisfying.

All matters of taste will heretofore be determined by local boards composed of wealthy local entrepreneurs and/or their spouses.

All jokes concerning the president's performance must be immediately followed by "But it's a damn hard job; I know I couldn't do it" or its equivalent.

Artists who receive federal money will have to spend three days working on a road-construction project in return.

All citizens eighteen and over will be required to give complete, accurate directions when asked.

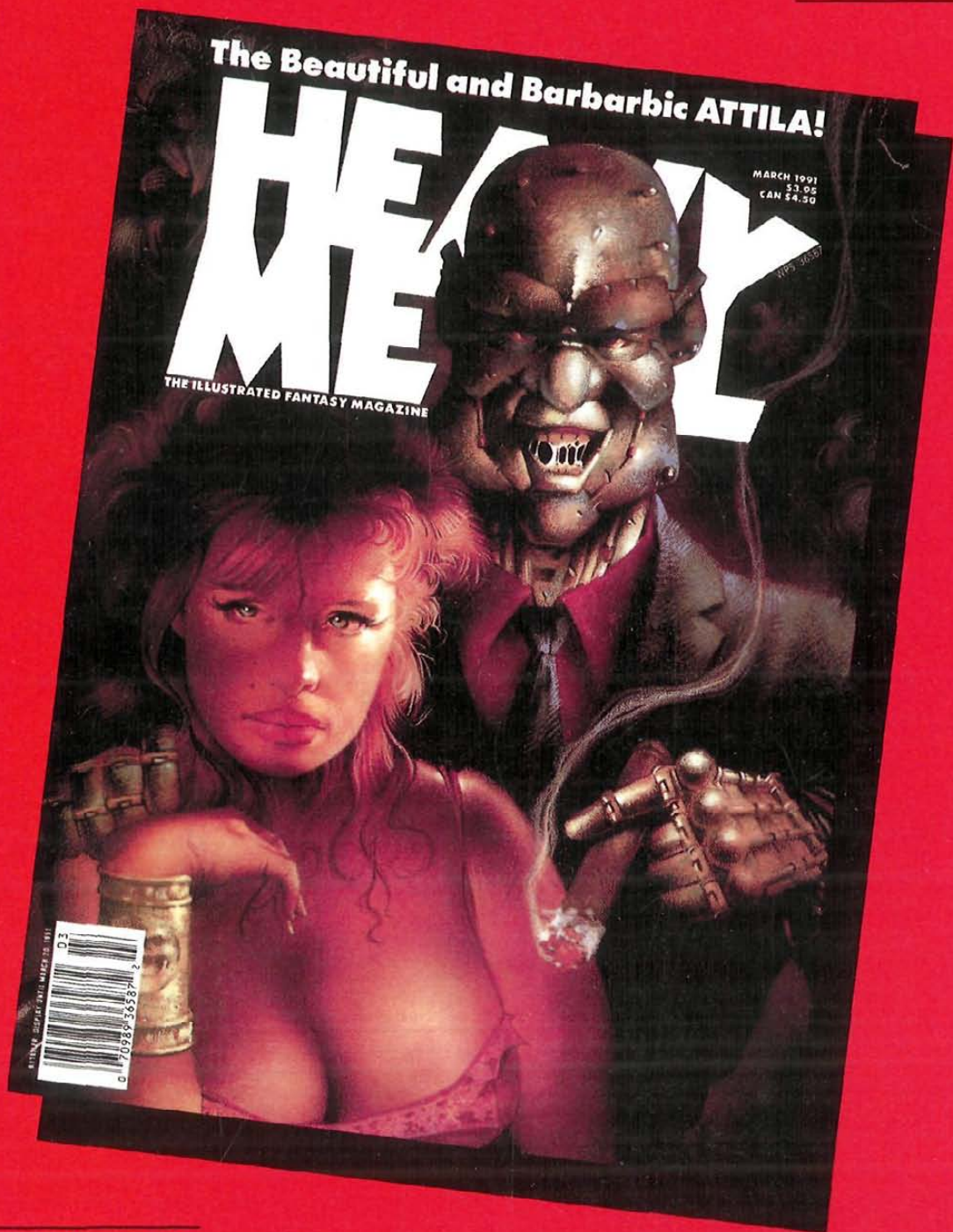
State police will be forbidden to use sirens during high-speed car chases; instead, they will crank Sammy Hagar's "I Can't Drive 55."

People with eyeglasses will be required to register with the Pansy Board for a Pansy License.

Sunsets will no longer be considered charming.

The definitions of "anterior" and "interior" will be reversed.

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